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The Week

WIDE rifts in policy between Great Britain and France were disclosed as a result of Germany's rejection of the terms of the plan of conciliation offered by the Locarno powers. A large body of opinion in England, both in official circles and among the people generally, favored giving careful consideration to German counter-proposals, no matter how tenuous or inadequate they might sound on first hearing. The French stood firm for the original demands: international policing of a new demilitarized zone in the Rhineland, no more troop movements into that territory, submission of the mutual-assistance pact with the Soviet Union to the World Court at The Hague, and the calling at some future date of a general European conference to revise the League Covenant and Hitler's peace proposals. These terms were drawn up following a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at which Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler's ambassador-at-large, heard Germany formally denounced as a violator of the Locarno pact. The Cabinets of Great Britain, France and Belgium promptly ratified the terms offered to Germany, but Mussolini caused considerable anxiety by his failure to do so. Meanwhile, Mussolini made public speeches promising a quick and victorious peace in Africa, although the League Committee of Thirteen, considering the questions of sanctions and peace proposals, contented itself with merely a further move to sound out Ethiopia and Italy as to the possibility of peace. Hitler's "election" to test German approval of his Rhineland move was certain to result in overwhelming approval of the government's action. For one thing, the official ballot had no space for a negative vote.

GREAT BRITAIN, France and the United States, as the only three powers still actively participating, ended the London Naval Conference by reaching an agreement for advance declarations of building programs and setting upper limits on the size of armament to be carried by certain types of vessels, notably cruisers and submarines. In Rome, the Danubian Conference held by Italy, Austria and Hungary ended with agreements to uphold the independence of Austria, improve trade relations among the three countries and to invite other Central European states to join the accord. In Vienna, authorities were surprised at the amount of public sympathy for the defendants called forth by the proceedings in the mass trial of thirty Socialists, while the Socialist Party, now driven underground, steadfastly rejected the pleas of the also-outlawed Nazis to make common cause with them. The French Chamber of Deputies closed an eventful four-year session, and preparations began for the general elections, scheduled for six weeks hence, in which the left-wing coalition of the People's Front seems certain to come to power. Disorders in Spain decreased markedly following the arrest of Jose Primo de Rivera, son of the former dictator, and

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ization, Falange Española, which young de Rivera headed. Mussolini moved a step nearer his goal of a totalitarian state by abolishing the Italian Chamber of Deputies. Further retirements and resignations of high-ranking army officers were reported from Japan.

STATES of the Atlantic seaboard and the Ohio River Valley were digging out from under the mud and debris left by flood waters of unprecedented proportions. Property damage ran into the hundreds of millions, although in most places there was sufficient advance warning so that the actual loss of life was less than that of similar disasters in other years. The floods, caused primarily by the inability of frozen and water-logged ground to absorb heavy but not abnormal spring rains, emphasized the need for a national system of controlling floods, while simultaneous dust storms in the West further emphasized the need for soil and crop control. Following receipt of the President's message calling for $1,500,000,000 to carry on relief activities for the coming fiscal year, Congress set to work to hold hearings and prepare the necessary legislation. While the youthful Senator Rush Holt of West Virginia was charging the use of W.P.A. funds for political purposes and Senator Byrd's committee was investigating possible inefficiency and overlapping among New Deal agencies, the President himself ordered a survey to determine which agencies might be scrapped and which should be placed on a permanent or semi-permanent basis. After three delays caused by anxiety over the flood situation, President Roosevelt finally embarked for a ten-day fishing trip to constitute his spring vacation. Senator Borah frightened conservative Republicans by his Chicago speech attacking "the interests" controlling the party, and an interesting political alignment was created when Dr. Francis E. Townsend, founder of the Old Age Revolving Pension movement, announced his tentative support of Mr. Borah.

MUSSOLINI, under the pressure of sanctions that are severe enough to necessitate drastic action but not severe enough to stop his armed aggression, has taken another long step toward the prime goal of fascist policy—to make the nation as self-contained as possible, for purposes of war. What Il Duce has in mind is of course not merely the war in which he is now engaged, but an imminent European conflict. This sort of thing should not be mistaken for true socialism. It does, to be sure, abolish the "political" Chamber of Deputies in favor of a National Assembly of industrial representatives—those of "corporations." It does nationalize key war industries. It does prate about the inauguration of a regime of "higher social justice" in which workers will be "collaborators" with capital. What it actually means, however, is just what fascist policy has always meant. Military nationalism is paramount, and society is being more thoroughly ing, for the process involves heavy sacrifices for the populace—but in behalf of war power. The masses are forced into "collaboration" with a capital that still enriches the few, at least comparatively, and capital itself is to be disciplined only when and to the extent necessary to furnish the means of fighting.

AFTER expressing an intention to cut down relief, President Roosevelt did what any chief executive would have to do under the circumstances, by planning to spend about as much as he has previously. A new appropriation of $1,500,000,000, added to unallocated funds already available, will bring the total over $3,000,000,000 (including the C.C.C.). In asking for the new appropriation, Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that if business wanted government to spend less on the unemployed, the way was open for it to increase employment. While combinations in restraint of trade are barred by anti-trust laws, combinations to expand trade and employment are not. How could business act upon this hint? Some employers are undoubtedly working existing staffs overtime as production increases, rather than taking on new employees. Perhaps they are moved to do this by the fact that they want to create as much political ammunition as possible for the coming campaign. No sufficient increase in employment is possible, however, without substantial cuts in the prices of industrial products, which will make possible more abundant sales. Will industrialists combine to effectuate any such end? To ask the question is to answer it.

IT'S no news that the biggest failure of the Roosevelt administration has been housing. Although $4,000,000,000 has been spent or pledged supposedly for such purposes, only one percent of this has had anything to do with providing decent homes for that half or more of the population with an annual income of $1,500 or less. The other 99 percent of the money has gone, in one way or another, to aid the higher-income classes. Now, at long last, organized labor is waking up to the situation. The American Federation of Labor has a committee on housing, and so have local labor groups in more than seventy cities. What labor proposes is eminently reasonable: a permanent federal housing authority, aloof from politics, that can either coöperate with local officials or act on its own behalf. An appropriation is asked, which would be spent on housing of a decent kind, to be built by workers in the building trades—two-thirds of whom are unemployed—at prevailing wages. Substantially these terms are provided in the bill introduced by Mr. Ellenbogen in the House last year. Senator Wagner, who speaks so often and so eloquently of the need for housing, could crown his whole public career if he would introduce, and fight for, a similar bill in the Senate. We are told that a housing bill with teeth in it cannot be passed

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to spend more money is not good politics. But is it really good politics to face the voters and confess a four-year failure to do anything substantial to help give American homes to American people?

SOLEMN pretensions of patrioteering organizations need ridicule as much as anything. We commend the high spirits of the young men at Princeton who formed the Veterans of Future Wars and asked Congress for a thousand dollars apiece as compensation for their future military service. Their sisters who at the same time organized the Future Gold Star Mothers and asked for free trips to Europe to view the future graves of their future sons who will fall in a future war added a touch of grimness to the irony—even though the hurt feelings of the real mothers changed them into a mere Ladies' Auxiliary. But surely the movement ought not to stop here. Why do not the young women start a society of Mothers of the American Revolution, and one of Capitalist Dames, to honor the heroism of their offspring who will once again risk their lives to save the country from its present oppressors? These societies might well send out a list of contemporary Tories (a sort of Black Network) who, in the interest of the patriots of the future, ought to be prevented from speaking before women's clubs and chambers of commerce.

BRAZIL'S dictator, General Getulio Vargas, has ordered ninety days of martial law for that unhappy country. This serves to extend the "state of siege" put into effect following the popular uprising that was crushed with bloody severity last November. The government blamed this uprising on the Communists. Actually, it was a demonstration of the solidarity of the people's front in Brazil, the National Liberation Alliance, of which Luis Carlos Prestes was president. Prestes is now a prisoner, and the government says he has "confessed" leadership of the uprising. The circumstances of his capture are mysterious and have never had an adequate airing in this country. According to the official story, which was widely accepted and printed in the American press, the hiding place of Prestes was disclosed by Victor Allen Barron, an American Communist from Portland, Oregon, who thereafter jumped out of a window at police headquarters, thus committing suicide because of shame for having betraying his friend. Reports now reaching this country from Brazil give a quite different story. According to these accounts, Barron was tortured by police for days in an unsuccessful effort to make him reveal the whereabouts of Prestes. Fearing the reaction, both in Brazil and the United States, if Barron were released with the visible marks of police torture on his body, the police are said to have thrown him out of a window to make his death appear a suicide and to mangle his body so that previous wounds could not be identified. Sympathizers in this country have asked the State Depart-

THE Panama-Pacific liner "California" was forced to cancel its scheduled sailing from New York last week when its crew went on strike, demanding the reinstatement of sixty-four members who had been discharged and blacklisted. The Panama-Pacific Line (owned by the International Mercantile Marine Company) has announced, however, in a paid advertisement in New York papers that it will never employ the discharged men on any of its ships because they "have been guilty of mutinous conduct." This is, of course, a serious accusation, and one would think that the New York papers would have investigated carefully before printing a statement bordering so closely on libel. Had they investigated, they would have found (1) that the alleged mutiny was merely a strike for increased pay while the "California" was tied up in San Pedro Harbor on March 2 and (2) that the Department of Justice declined to prosecute the seamen for mutiny, although urged to do so by both Secretary of Commerce Roper and the International Mercantile Marine. The strike has created a split between the officials of the International Seamen's Union, who are supporting the shipowners, and the rank-and-file membership, who have called sympathy strikes on a number of other ships. This strange line-up of union officials and shipping interests can only be explained as a mutual fear of militant unionism. What other reason could there be for the failure of the union officials to back up a crew on an issue that involves the right of all seamen to strike without being called mutineers?

COURAGEOUS spirits among the great universities of the world are taking a definite stand against any participation in the coming anniversary celebration of the University of Heidelberg. The case is admirably stated by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Birmingham, whose letter, reproduced on page 221 of this issue of The New Republic, was instrumental in causing the leading universities in England to refuse to participate. This week we are happy to record that news dispatches emanating from Germany and saying that Vassar and Amherst had agreed to participate were false. Amherst has issued official denials, and a faculty member at Vassar informs us that the College is not participating; that one faculty member, as an individual, has accepted, while the president of Vassar, as an individual, has declined. Currently the University of Virginia has lived up to the best traditions of its founder, Thomas Jefferson, by declining the Heidelberg invitation, and the University of Stockholm likewise refuses. At both Harvard and Columbia movements to have those universities cancel their previous acceptances are gaining increased support from students, faculty and alumni. It is good to know that there are those in the educational world who will not tolerate any approval, even by implication, of the extinction of freedom, the travesty of scholarship that now pa[illegible]

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New-Party Prospects

SLOWLY voters are grouping for the next election. Even though the nominating and platform-making conventions are still some months away, it is becoming more possible to foresee what is likely to happen. One important decision must be made, however, without much more delay. We refer to the question whether there is to be in this campaign a new national party representing workers and farmers, and whether this party will have a presidential nominee. Even while this issue of The New Republic is on the way to its readers, the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota is holding a conference in which its own attitude toward the question is likely to be decided.

Such a national party is, in our opinion, long overdue in this country. If it had been in existence to canalize the political floods loosed by this depression, the nation would probably have made a long step toward an intelligent economy. Even as a minority it would have exerted salutary pressure from the left. As readers of The New Republic know, we have recently been pointing out the desirability of a party of this kind, just as in previous campaigns we have supported such unsatisfactory fumblings toward it as were represented by La Follette in 1924 and Christensen in 1920. This year would not be too soon to launch it, if it is to achieve any effectiveness by 1940. In a world threatened by war and not rid of economic collapse, the time left in which to educate and mobilize opinion for necessary changes may be shorter than people think. Though it is undoubtedly true that the social and political development of this country under capitalism is a full generation behind that in Great Britain or France, it is also true that we are in just as imminent danger from the disintegration of the capitalist world as are they.

What is required, however, is not a mere small group of persons or a mere agitational center. There are at present enough opportunities to cast a protest vote. Either the new party must have the chance of achieving sufficient mass support in this election to give it real power in the next six years or it is not the sort of thing the country needs. What are the minimum political bases without which it would be futile to enter a new party in the campaign for President?

First, it must without question enlist the support of the Farmer-Laborites in Minnesota and the Progressives in Wisconsin—these being the only two states in which neither the Democrats nor the Republicans are now in office. Next, it ought to have substantial support in other states in which progressive sentiment is already known to be strong, such as Washington and California. Third, there must be at least a sprinkling of affiliation from farmers' organizations throughout the West. Finally, just as necessary as the action of Wisconsin mass support by labor, particularly in the industrial sections of the East. One would not expect national officials of farm or labor organizations to be the first to join such a movement, but there must be sufficient pressure from subordinate units so that they will in the end come along. Without as much basis as this, any new-party candidate for President would have such a slim chance of making even a good showing that the attempt would better be postponed.

Something may happen to galvanize the movement before it is too late, but at present it looks as if it would be quite impossible to fulfill these minimum conditions. Minnesota may be ready to go ahead. But there is much less chance in Wisconsin and other progressive states. Progressive and liberal farmers outside of these two states appear to be drifting back to Roosevelt. Above all, Eastern labor is rapidly closing ranks behind him. The overwhelming vote of the miners' convention endorsing the President was apparently a real expression of rank-and-file sentiment, and even most of the labor spokesmen who themselves want a new party are compelled to admit that not many voters in their ranks would take the chance of splitting Roosevelt's support this fall. Without voters—millions of them—there can be no real labor party.

What has happened is crystal clear. After his first year, disappointment with the meager fulfilment of the President's promises started a rapid drift away from him among ordinary citizens. If things had continued as they were going in 1934 and the early part of 1935, with the administration's continual compromises and concessions to the right, a new party would have been almost inevitable; organized opposition from the left would have attacked the administration sharply. But Mr. Roosevelt's rightward opponents solved his political problem for him. Invalidation of the principal New Deal measures by the Supreme Court transferred from him the onus of failure. Bitter and loud condemnation from Liberty Leaguers and the like made people think that it was necessary at all costs to keep the Republicans out lest the country be turned over to the most reactionary government in years. Roosevelt's popularity, after reaching its low point in September, 1935, has climbed appreciably and steadily since then. Its latest big boost came from Al Smith's Liberty League speech.

The March poll of the Institute of Public Opinion shows what has been happening. Mr. Roosevelt now has thirty-three states with 343 electoral votes (266 being necessary to win). Four more states with seventy-seven votes are on the borderline, being Democratic by one or two percent. Four more are fifty-fifty, with sixty electoral votes. Roosevelt has 54.1 percent of the popular vote for the two major parties. Those on relief are 78 percent for him, young voters are for him by 61 percent, farmers by 57 percent and women by 56. His gains during the past month have come largely

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third-party. The principal states in which the reactionary ballyhoo has made headway are Maine, Rhode Island and Delaware. Progressive states like Minnesota and Wisconsin, where formerly his loss was heavy, have definitely come back.

If political trends continue as at present, it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt's right opposition had spoiled the chances of a new party and had made his election certain. For every business or professional vote it has won, it has lost at least two among farmers, workers, the unemployed or the youth.

Unfortunately we fear that when election day rolls around, the choice between the two parties will not look so sharp as it does now. No Republican President could possibly behave, once he was in office, the way the Liberty Leaguers talk. If the Republicans have any sense at all, they will make concessions to the liberal climate of opinion even in their candidate and platform. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, will probably try to conciliate the business men and the advocates of economy. The more sure he is of the labor and farmer vote, the more he will attempt to placate the right. Labor may discover in the end, as it has discovered so many times before, that the difference between the two old parties is mainly one of platform oratory. By that time it will be too late to put its own presidential candidate in the field. We therefore warmly urge that whether or not it nominates a President, it push the election of Congressmen, Senators and local officials under a new party designation, with all the forces at its command. Pressure from the left in the next administration is going to be even more essential than it has been during this. And the more local strongholds are won, the easier will be the strengthening of the new party in 1938 and its entrance with united labor support into the presidential elections of 1940.

Starvation in Arkansas

AN IMMEDIATE, day-to-day crisis faces the evicted sharecroppers in Arkansas. The latter part of March is the traditional cotton-planting season, and unless these people can make some arrangements at once for at least the miserly "furnishing" that tenant farmers get, they will be directly facing starvation during the coming year.

Relief has been withheld from them, and officials of the Rural Resettlement Administration and the W.P.A. in Washington have thus far said they are powerless to force local authorities in Arkansas to extend relief. Technically, the evicted sharecroppers have been offered places on other plantations, have refused to accept them and are thus ineligible for relief on the grounds that they wouldn't work when given a chance.

What are the facts? In the first place, the tenants charge that they were wrongfully evicted from their original plantations because they joined the union. They plan to walk out sometime within the next thirty days, when the cotton is want reinstatement. Failing this, they have examined the four plantations that have offered them places, and they say that the owners are militantly hostile to the union. One of them is reputed to have shot and killed a Negro sharecropper. The sharecroppers fear for their safety if they accept these offers. Furthermore, they say that the land offered them is insufficient or of a poor quality, unsuited to raising cotton.

Meanwhile there are twenty-one families, comprising one hundred and three individuals, turned out of their homes, huddled in an improvised tent colony and waging a desperate fight for mere existence. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union is rendering what assistance its slender resources will permit, but inasmuch as this union is organized among one of the most oppressed classes of workers in the country, this aid can't continue indefinitely. What the sharecroppers want is a chance to go back to some lands where they can be at least reasonably safe and have a reasonable chance to make a living—and right now the planting season is waning almost hourly. Norman Thomas has reported that Governor Futrell and the Arkansas authorities generally show "indifference or hostility" to the plight of the sharecroppers, and it seems to us that the federal government should see to it that these people are given a bona-fide chance to go back to the land in peace or else to be placed upon relief.

Apparently the latter is now being done. Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, in their "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column, report that Senator Joseph T. Robinson had been blocking the move. Even written orders from W.P.A. and Resettlement Administration officials in Washington failed to influence the Arkansas authorities until they received word from their own Senator. According to Pearson and Allen, Senator Robinson now has given the word and distressed sharecroppers should at least have access to federal relief.

A gruesome example of the reality of the terrorism facing the sharecroppers occurred on March 13. A group of masked night-riders, pretending to be a hold-up gang, raided the home of Amos Williams at Earle, Arkansas. There they found Willie Hurst, chief defense witness for an accused sharecropper and eyewitness to the shooting of two union men by deputies in February. Hurst was murdered in cold blood before the eyes of Williams and his wife. No inquest was held, and there is a strong suspicion that a local "peace" officer was one of the leaders of the mob.

Thus, to the oppression of starvation wages is added—not for the first time—the menace of violent death. Recently the members of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union voted 6,118 to 384 to strike. They want written contracts, minimum wages of one dollar for a ten-hour day, and recognition of their union. They plan to walk out some-

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danger of being choked out by grass and weeds unless it is weeded at once. Leaders at the union's headquarters, 2527 Broad Avenue, Memphis, are doing their utmost to collect a war chest to aid distressed members of the union and to support the strike when it comes.

Man-Made Floods

THE WORST floods in at least a generation swept over the whole Northeastern quarter of the United States last week. They cost about 175 lives, did property damage roughly estimated at $500,000,000 and rendered temporarily homeless some 425,000 persons. Thousands of houses and industrial plants were partially or completely destroyed and farm land was damaged. Since little flood insurance is written in the United States, nearly the whole burden will fall upon the individual owners. The task of repairing roads, bridges, dams and other public property is of course divided between the federal and state governments.

The first question to be asked about the floods is whether they are a natural calamity like a volcanic eruption, for which humankind cannot be blamed, and about which nothing can be done to avoid a repetition. It is obvious that to some extent, at least, this is true: if the actions of men were mainly responsible, we should have had similar floods in the spring of 1935, 1934, and so on. Unusually heavy snowfall, rapid thaws and persistent spring rains resulted in a waterlogged countryside from which, as someone remarked, water ran off "as though from a tin roof."

As to whether human activities bear part of the responsibility, lay opinion is of little value. The experts seem to be unanimous that they do. Professor Paul B. Sears, in an article written for Science Service, declares that the floods, like the Western dust storms, are Nature's warning that we must mend our ways. He reports that "traveling through the oldest agricultural states of the Union, the writer has scarcely seen a place where the old top layer of soil is left. . . . It is this dark, spongy top layer of soil . . . which is our only effective protection against flood." H. H. Bennett, director of the United States Soil Conservation Service, makes the same point, as was mentioned in an article by Harold Ward in The New Republic of March 18. Mr. Bennett believes that in the present floods, at least the last 20 or 25 percent of the excess volume of water results from bad agricultural methods—and needless to remark, it is this last fourth or fifth that does the worst damage.

Even if our farming methods were right, there would still of course be danger of spring floods in many parts of the country. These must be controlled by engineering activities—dams, diversion channels, levees and other devices. The nation has an object lesson as to the usefulness of these safe-largely the work of Dr. Arthur Morgan of Antioch College and (recently) of the T.V.A. There is no doubt that nearly all the damage of the past ten days could have been prevented if we had started soon enough and spent enough money. Such expenditures would pay for themselves in two bad floods—perhaps even in one.

Advocates of decentralized government, including many local chambers of commerce and similar bodies, have fought these plans in the past on the ground that they constituted too much activity by the federal government. But it is now clear, both that floods are interstate matters, and that the states acting individually will not and probably cannot take adequate action. If President Roosevelt really wants, as he says, to make America a better land to live in, here is an immediate and urgent task, which includes making some parts of America a land in which people can live at all. It is also a "public-works project" that fits, ideally, the conditions laid down by the administration. The cost of any adequate program will probably frighten the Tories into hysterics; but nearly everything worth doing has that effect.

Akron Settles a Strike

THE STRIKE of some 14,000 workers in the Akron plant of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company has been settled. While the terms are a compromise, they constitute at least a partial victory for the men. The Goodyear Company has given some degree of recognition to the union and it seems likely that this will be extended as time goes on. All the strikers are taken back, and a twenty-four-hour working week is established temporarily to make this possible. Seniority rights appear to be safeguarded. The management "will meet and deal with its employees individually or through duly chosen representatives for purposes of negotiation on all questions in which there is mutual interest." Changes in wages and hours will in future be announced in advance, and the workers will have the right to vote on changes in hours to less than thirty hours a week or more than forty (thirty-six in the case of tire and tube makers).

The settlement of the strike came at a moment when feeling was running high on both sides and almost anything could have happened. One C. Nelson Sparks, a former mayor of Akron, had set up a vigilante organization called, as usual, a "Law and Order League," the apparent purpose of which was to drive the strikers back to work on the company's terms and by force of arms. The workers made no secret of the fact that they were prepared to meet force with force if they had to, and at one time it looked as though a small-sized civil war might take place. Workers in other unions had expressed their sympathy with the members of the United Rubber Workers of America, and a general

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realization of these facts, two local papers, The Beacon-Journal and The (Scripps-Howard) Times Press, spoke out vigorously against the tactics proposed by Mr. Sparks and his league (for which he claimed 40,000 members).

Particular importance attaches to the Akron strike because of the influence the outcome will have on organization in other plants making rubber products, and basic industries in general. It is also significant that John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization were active in Akron. While some observers on the scene felt that the Lewis group might well have been more militant and vigorous, the result of the strike should be encouraging on all three of the counts mentioned. It is probable that the Goodrich and Firestone plants will be the next where the struggle for real unionization and complete collective bargaining will be fought. The temper of the Akron workers also indicates that Mr. Lewis and his C.I.O. have a great opportunity facing them, if they are prepared whole-heartedly to meet it.

Homage to Thomas Mann

IT IS news in the international republic of letters when Thomas Mann comes out in opposition to the new Germany. For three years now he has been living in Switzerland, in self-imposed exile, at the cost of sacrificing two-thirds of his personal fortune to the German government. But he has said absolutely nothing about politics, and he did not attend the Writers' Congress for the Defense of Culture, even though his brother Heinrich took a leading part in it. Since Thomas Mann is easily the most distinguished German of letters, and since he is probably more esteemed by writers all over the world than any other living novelist, he has been under pressure from both sides. The Nazis have begged him please to come home and have broadly hinted that his incomprehensible ideas about liberty would be overlooked if he only would say a kind word for the Leader. The anti-fascists have insisted that he join them and have abused him for not cutting the last ties that bound him to Hitler's empire —especially since everybody has known that he hates oppression and abhors anti-Semitism. But it seems to us that his silence has been easy to understand and excuse. It has so far enabled him to keep his German audience; and Mann is a great enough writer to understand that in his audience lies part of his greatness—that without a united body of readers he might become as voiceless and sterile as most of the White Russian novelists who have left the homeland.

Now at last he has broken his long silence, evidently deciding that the truth was more important than his literary career. The immediate occasion was an article printed in Switzerland by Dr. Korrodi, the literary critic of Die Neue Zürcher Zeitung. —they were for the most part novelists, he said, the good poets and essayists having stayed at home; and they represented the international Jewish influence in German letters, which the fatherland could easily dispense with. Mann came to the defense of his fellow exiles. He did not accuse Korrodi of anti-Semitism, even though the charge would be easy to justify. Mann has the high and now seldom encountered liberal virtue of elevating any discussion to another plane—of writing as if men were reasoning creatures, even if the evidence points to the contrary. Calmly and logically he showed that the novel is today "the representative and dominating literary work of art"—that the Jewish influence is not preponderant among the exiled novelists—that the international or European spirit, shared equally by Jewish and gentile writers, has helped to raise Germany from barbarism. And he added that the anti-Semitic campaign of the present German rulers "is aimed, essentially, not at the Jews at all, or not at them exclusively. It is aimed at Europe and at the real spirit of Germany."

So Mann at last has publicly joined those forces which, from Moscow and Kiev westward to Madrid and San Francisco, are bent on keeping alive the best of the old culture. Hitler's book-burning has had the effect of uniting his opponents in the defense of intellectual freedom—and notably it has cleared the atmosphere in Russia, has persuaded the Communist leaders that it is their duty to encourage those writers who are not dogmatic Communists. The law of polarity has ranged oppression on one side and liberty on the other. As for Mann himself, he has made his position in the conflict clear beyond question:

> The deep conviction . . . that nothing good for Germany or the world can come out of the present German regime, has made me avoid the country in whose spiritual tradition I am more deeply rooted than are those who for three years have been trying to find courage enough to declare before the world that I am not a German. And I feel to the bottom of my heart that I have done right in the eyes of my contemporaries and of posterity.

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Letters in the Soviet Union

IT IS unexpected and stimulating for an American, after leaving the writers at home preoccupied with what they imagine to be the Soviet point of view about literature, to find the Russians studying intently everything that reaches them from the States, rather dissatisfied now with their own post-revolutionary literature and seeming to feel that in America we have been able to do the kind of thing which they would like to do themselves. Very amusing to reflect that the three living American writers most popular in the Soviet Union —Upton Sinclair, Dos Passos and Dreiser—are all people who have recently been in wrong with the literary Communists at home.

Hemingway has just been translated and, among the intelligentsia, is attracting a great deal of attention. I came to realize that the young people in Russia are interested in the American writers for certain reasons, among others, which I hadn't before been aware of. I was told by a Russian that the hero and heroine of Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer," both types of the unquiet intellectual, were as well known in Russia as characters in Pushkin, that young men would say, "I am Jimmy Herf," etc. The young Russians of the Jimmy Herf type have this in common with these characters of Dos Passos's: that they are up against a social machine to which they have difficulty adapting themselves. That the Soviet machine has a more rational base and a nobler aim than American business does not always make the situation easier—and, after all, the conditions of a democracy, with their tendency to lower cultural standards, present the same kind of problems to both.

And there must be people in Moscow who would sometimes be glad of "a clean bright place," like the man in Hemingway's story—a story which, I note, has been included in the Russian selection from his work. I am reminded of a young woman who tells me that she dreams about having a room to herself.

In no country I have ever been in, even France, has literature such prestige as in Russia; in no country, even in the Germany of the day before yesterday, has science commanded such respect. Books at the present time are hardly less necessary to the Russians than food and clothing themselves. Even the factories have their bookstores.

Abolish the church with its spiritual direction, and substitute for a government based on divine right, a government based on a scientific view of history; and you shift to the strictly human sources of order and inspiration a kind of veneration and anxious attention which they have never enjoyed Church and court, the theatre becomes more important. There has been in our own time no parallel —even in the case of Anatole France—to the position of Gorky in the Soviet Union. In the past a close friend of Lenin's, he is at present a kind of Commissar of Literature; and is perhaps closer to sharing the glory of Stalin than any other public man.

The effect on a writer of a visit to Russia is therefore both flattering and sobering. Nowhere else in the world does the writer receive so much honor; nowhere else to the same degree is he made conscious of responsibility. At first, he is likely to find this exhilarating. For from the Marxist point of view a writer is not guilty of exploiting anybody, and consequently (unless he is a Communist and has to give half his earnings to the Party), there is no way, outside the regular taxation, of preventing him from making profits. And the result is that Soviet writers, if there is any considerable demand for their work, achieve not only distinction, but a higher standard of living than most of their fellows. Yet when one has looked at things a little more closely, one comes to have certain doubts about the advantages enjoyed by Soviet writers. There is the same temptation here as elsewhere to cash in on a popular success by playing up to the official point of view; and serious writers whose points of view do not easily fit in with the official one are obliged to take certain losses just as they are in the other kind of society. So that the same sort of antagonisms as elsewhere arise between the writers who have taken the losses and the writers who have cashed in on the market. Alexei Tolstoy, for example, seems to be the perfect Soviet equivalent to the high-grade Saturday Evening Post writer. (I have heard him compared by a Russian to Booth Tarkington and Joseph Hergesheimer.) You find, when you ask people what they think of him, that they either consider him, or pretend to consider him, the best living Russian writer after Gorky or that they don't want to talk about him at all.

There is perhaps a danger in Russia that the writers may become a special caste, that they may approximate, even, to a priesthood. In Moscow, there is a special apartment house built by the government for writers, in which most of them seem to be living (though others have obstinately stood out for seclusion from their professional fellows). The government, however, has so far opposed all attempts of groups of writers to get official authority behind them. The official liquidation of RAPP was a blow against literary intolerance (though, characteristically, the government has gone so far as to make it impossible for the former leaders of

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and has prohibited literary groups altogether). And the insistence by Stalin that Pasternak and Babel be included in the delegation to the Writers' Congress in Paris last summer is evidence of an official disposition to value men of artistic ability, irrespective of the degree of their political zeal, above writers who are merely politically regular—as Mayakovsky, during his lifetime under suspicion of romantic individualism, seems to have taken his place since his death as the sole unquestioned revolutionary classic. Certainly there has prevailed of late a much more general respect for art and a much freer attitude toward technique.

The new official policy on this was formulated by Radek and Bukharin at the All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers in August, 1934. The first period of the Revolution, says Bukharin, was a period of slogans in literature; the second, the period of the Five Year Plan, a period of concrete reporting; the third, which was then beginning, was a period in which it would be required that literature should present life more fully and in which it would be necessary for Soviet writers more fully to master technique. While rejecting the ideology of the bourgeois masters, they would have to study them and learn from them technically: their contemporaries as well as the classics. To a foreigner there is something a little pedantic in these efforts on the part of officials to prescribe to the writer what and how he shall write: the Communists can no more provide formulas for the masterpieces of "socialist realism" than the Humanists of the school of Irving Babbitt could provide formulas for masterpieces of Humanism (though Bukharin speaks also of a "socialist romanticism" and makes his definitions wide enough to cover hypothetical Soviet works of the type of Goethe's "Faust"). About the only thing you can do is to make the classics generally accessible and to hope that writers of talent will turn up who will be able to profit by reading them.

But this is, in effect, what it comes down to. There are moments, to be sure, in Russia—in a revolutionary museum, for example—when one is still made to feel that the beginning of human thought has been dated from Dialectical Materialism. But it is obvious that the Soviets are now working very earnestly to reëstablish the continuity of the Russian literary tradition. No longer, as before the Revolution, preoccupied with the literature of the West, they have turned back to find in their own literature a treasure which has come to seem more precious and which they are exercising the utmost diligence to add to and preserve. When I was in Moscow, a new edition of Tolstoy was appearing, with the excisions of the Tsarist censor repaired and a new edition of Lermontov, including the bawdy "Sashka," which was formerly considered unprintable; they were bringing out the notebooks of Dostoevsky and various documents on his life (in spite of his counter-revolutionary "Possessed") and had announced the forthcoming publication of new material by Turgenev; and there was an official celebration in progress of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Chekhov's birth. As for Pushkin, he has become, under the Soviets, the object of such a cult as Shakespeare has never enjoyed in England. They have even named a kind of sweet cracker after him: there is a picture of him on every box.

And they have furthermore set out to translate into Russian the classics of the world *in toto*. The latest enlightenment from antiquity which had come through to them at the time I was in Moscow was Seneca's tragedies and Lysias's orations; and I used to find a Russian friend laboring painfully but conscientiously with the speeches of God the Father in Milton. The most popular Soviet dramatist at the present time seems to be Shakespeare; nor could I see that he was being mistreated. They seem to have got past the stage when they insisted on representing Hamlet as scheming for the crown against Claudius. No new emphasis that I saw in the theatre was anything more than the special emphasis which every period and every country has given to its versions of the classics.

The truth is that literature is one of the things for which the Russians have a special national genius; and it is probably in the long run impossible to fool them about the quality of writing. They may more easily be satisfied with railroads which, for Americans, are beyond indignation, than with the kind of inferior literary goods which they seem to have been getting since the Revolution (due, of course, to the fact that revolutions are inevitably poor periods for the arts; the great writing of the Russian Revolution was done by Lenin and Trotsky).

And the effect of all this upon me was the opposite of the effect I have noted at home on writers with revolutionary leanings, of repercussions from the Soviet Union. I found in the apartment where I was staying a volume of Elinor Wylie's poems, containing some, collected after her death, which I had never read before; and, though I had always had a feeling that her later work was somehow inferior to her early work, an impression that, ingenious though it was and consummate in craftsmanship, it had tended to become more and more like a glass-case of expensive objects imported by an American connoisseur from abroad, I found now that it seemed to me more remarkable, instead of less remarkable, than before. I had seen how the new Soviet poets had had to go to school to older writers who, though friendly to the Revolution, were not essentially revolutionary poets—men like Pasternak and Bagritsky, who seemed to stand to the new generation somewhat in the relation of Eliot and Yeats to us; how they had had to fall back on tools that had been forged for other uses. And I had been surprised to be told of the esteem in which even the exile Bunin was now held and of his influence on Soviet fiction. But, after all, in writing as in other things, there is only one

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from poor writers, however correct their position may be. And when you are cut loose from supernatural guidance, when money has lost its prestige, when you are thrown into a crude and disorganized world with nothing but the human intellect to organize, to guide and to refine, you realize suddenly how very seldom the intellect is fit for high-grade work. And where literature must take over duties which it has hitherto shared with other institutions, the genuine masters of literature are seen to stand out on an earth which is no longer overhung by the heavens. As I read and reread Elinor Wylie, I kept thinking, what a marvelous language! What crystalline colors, what palpable textures! What resource, what felicity, what wit! I had never before felt so vividly the rarity and the value of people who could do something fine very well.

As I was walking one evening in the Tverskaya with a well known Russian critic, a little stocky man, who passed us, contemptuously called the critic's name. The latter explained to me that the man was a poet whose works he had criticized adversely. We went into a restaurant, and the man came in, too, and sat down at a table with another man and uttered horrible threats against the critic.

The next time I saw the critic, he told me that the poet was in jail. The poet was a Cossack from the Urals, who had been "writing in praise of the old Russia" and making himself obnoxious in various ways. One of the things which he admired in the old Russia was its ferocious anti-Semitism, and he had been attempting to remain true to the tradition. Having some grievance against a Jewish poet, he went and beat him up in his lodgings. The Jew complained, and a petition to the authorities was signed by most of the principal poets of Moscow, recommending a jail sentence for the Cossack. He was accordingly sent up for six months.

Dinner in the Sokolniki Gardens: infinitely more attractive than the Park of Culture and Rest—quite entrancing, in fact, in the evening. It was originally the hunting park of Ivan the Terrible; and it was later made a public garden. There are tree-planted walks, secluded benches and a gay little restaurant with an orchestra, tables under the trees and *cabinets particuliers*. It reminded me of old Europe, of Karlsbad; but it has a wildness which is entirely Russian. The park proper gradually merges with a slender disheveled forest in which people like to lose themselves and lie about among mossy tree-roots.—I was told that the "more intelligent people" come here.

As we were standing in the restaurant waiting for a place, a dark man who was eating alone invited us to sit down at his table. My companion and I carried on in English a long conversation about literature, which it seemed to us the dark man was following. And it seemed to me that my Russian friend was displaying in our discussion of Joyce a somewhat narrower variety of Marxism than he might perhaps have insisted on if there had been no unknown person present. The stranger, as he got on with his wine, began smiling and chuckling to himself in such an eerie and disquieting manner that my companion addressed him in Russian. He turned out to be a Turkish business man.

EDMUND WILSON.

This is the second of a series of articles on the Soviet Union. The third will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

Asia's New Great Wall

POLITE but frank suspicion marks the request of the League of Nations Mandates Commission that Japan should explain more fully what she is doing in the South Seas. She holds Micronesia as a mandate from the League. According to the terms of that mandate, she may not fortify the islands. And yet the Commission, in the words of its own report, has "noted particularly the disproportion apparently existing between the sums spent on equipment of the ports of certain islands in the Japanese mandate and the volume of commercial activity."

There is reason for concern on the part of the League, and, even more, on the part of the United States, over the rumors of fortifications and naval bases. For these islands of the Japanese mandate are the most important, from a strategic standpoint, in the 1,400 South Sea islands held by Japan under

If they have been fortified, America sends ships across the Pacific to Asia only by grace of Japan. The geographical facts of the case are not sufficiently realized. Think first of the Atlantic. Imagine a continuous chain of more than two thousand islands running from Labrador clear to Brazil. Suppose this archipelago to be in some places 2,700 miles wide. Imagine these islands to be in the possession of the United States, and fortified. Would they not be a pretty effective wall against any conceivable interference from Europe?

The old Great Wall of China is obsolete. Not only China, but all Asia, has a new Great Wall. It starts with the Kurile Islands (neighbors of Uncle Sam's Aleutians), extends through the main islands of Japan, through the Bonins, then broadens to take

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the Great Wall to the equator. The entire Asiatic continent lies behind this rampart. Incidentally, the Philippines also are behind it.

The northern half of the Great Wall is fortified. Is the southern half? The doubt is more than ordinarily pertinent at present in view of Japan's demand for naval parity, her abrogation of the Washington Treaty, her resignation from the League and her policies in Asia.

In order to get some light on the subject I have just spent four months visiting the islands of the mandate. I come away with a clear conclusion of yes and no. Despite the rumors now in circulation in America, I found no ground for suspicion as to fortifications. On the other hand, there is every reason for the most grave concern as to the significance of these islands in the future of Asia.

This amazing labyrinth, made up of the Marianne, Caroline and Marshall groups, numbers 1,400 islands worthy of the name and a total of 2,550 islands, islets and reefs. It is 2,700 miles wide and 1,300 miles deep. It is spread over a sea larger than the Mediterranean and Caribbean together. It hugs the Philippines on the west, the equator on the south, and the 180th meridian, or International Date Line, on the east. Its airplanes could fly in three hours to the Netherlands East Indies and in six to Australia. Its closest (and most nervous) foreign neighbor is the Philippines.

No, there is one even closer, a commonly forgotten bit of America completely surrounded by Japan. I was astonished to find that America and Japan are only thirty-nine miles apart. Stand on the shore of Japanese Rota and you may look across to the blue mountains of American Guam. Guam now has only temporary value as an airport until the increasingly powerful planes of the trans-Pacific line are able to skip it. Under the Washington Treaty, the United States gave up its right to fortify Guam. The fortifications that once existed on this island have been demolished.

Doubtless that makes the situation more comfortable for the neighbors. And yet it is rather as if one of our central states, say Indiana, were controlled by an alien power. If Japan is irritated by this bit of foreign matter under the skin, she does not show it. Relations between Guam and the surrounding Japanese islands are coöperative.

Guam is the finest and largest of all these islands. In fact that is why the United States has it. At the close of the Spanish-American War she had her choice of all the Spanish islands. She took the Philippines and Guam. She returned all the other islands to Spain. If she had not done so, Japan would not today be in the South Seas. Spain in 1899 sold the islands to Germany, and Germany lost them to Japan in the World War. Thus Guam, which had felt safe enough when surrounded by the islands of defeated Spain, now unexpectedly found itself ringed around by representatives of the

All are good friends. And yet, since Guam is the best of the islands, it would not be human nature, and certainly not Japanese nature, not to cast a longing eye in its direction now and then. To say that Guam is in a vulnerable position is to put it mildly. It is America's finger in the fire. If it gets burned, or *when* it gets burned, the American body politic may roar with pain and pride—and proceed to do something foolish. Guam is an open invitation to a war in the Pacific. If it was prudent to dispose of the Philippines before they became a bone of contention, how much wiser to free or sell Guam, next to useless to the United States in peace and worse than useless in war and in no way worth the blood and treasure that would have to be poured out to defend it. It is conceivable that Japan would buy it. She can, of course, get it for nothing if trouble comes; but the same is true of North Sakhalin, which Japan is asking Russia to sell.

Forgotten Guam will soon be in the news. If the Washington Treaty expires, the United States will be free to fortify Guam, and doubtless many factions will urge us to do so. Nothing more provocative of trouble could be imagined.

Another island, not far from Guam, has caused a quota of unpleasantness out of all proportion to its significance. Yap is a two-by-four island of no importance except that it houses an old German cable station. President Wilson was loath to see this cable station pass into the hands of Japan and endeavored to have Yap excluded from the Japanese mandate. Failing in this, he entered into a long and delicate controversy which ended in a treaty ratified in 1922 guaranteeing that

> the United States and its nationals shall have free access to the Island of Yap on a footing of entire equality with Japan or any other nation and their respective nationals in all that relates to the landing and operation of the existing Yap-Guam cable. . . . Nationals of the United States shall have the unrestricted right to reside in the island. . . . Nationals of the United States shall have complete freedom of entry and exit in the island for their persons and property.

As a result of such explicit provisions, won only after a year of correspondence that frayed the tempers of both the American and Japanese publics, one might expect today to find a considerable American colony on Yap. But there is not an American on the island. The reasons are two. First, the United States has never had the slightest reason to complain of Japan's management of the cable station. Second, Yap is no place to live.

Penetrating below decks, I had made friends with a Yap native on his way home, and he invited me to stay at his house. So the next three weeks were spent in open-mouthed wonder—not only on my part at the surprises of jungle life, but on the part of the natives, many of whom had never before seen an American.

I scoured the island. Alone, or accompanied by natives, never by officials. I found no fortifications.

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No signs of actual fortifications were discoverable, nor could any natives, even those most acidly critical of the Japanese regime, tell me of any.

The Mandates Commission, noting that $450,000[1] was being spent on Saipan harbor, scented the construction of a naval base. They have repeatedly asked that a full explanation of the matter be made in Japan's next report. But each report (and that issued in the autumn of 1935 is no exception) offers only a generalized statement. Which strengthens the impression that Japan is willing that not only the natives but the foreign powers should consider the islands not totally unprepared against attack.

The simple fact is that Saipan harbor is the one important harbor that would be completely useless as a naval base. It is obvious to anyone who will sit swinging his legs over the edge of the new pier that the development is purely commercial. He can look across the lagoon, over the low reef, and across the sea for miles. Likewise a battleship miles away could look and shoot into the lagoon. There is no bay guarded by headlands or high islands. The shore line is practically straight. Behind it there are no cliffs or crags that would serve as a shelter for guns. The land slopes upward gradually for a distance of two or three miles inland and every point on that slope would make an ideal target for an enemy ship. If Japanese strategists were designing a trap in which to commit naval hara-kiri they could devise nothing better than Saipan harbor.

Commercially it will be invaluable. Our ship, for lack of such a harbor, anchored two miles from shore. A heavy swell was running and the trip to shore in a small launch through half-submerged reefs was precarious. Unloading and loading were delayed because of the roughness of the sea. Sometimes a ship must lie here for ten days before it can safely receive its cargo of sugar. Therefore a channel ninety meters wide and sixteen hundred meters long is being blasted through the reef, the lagoon is being dredged to greater depth, and a pier has been constructed so that a ship of four thousand tons may lie along side. Sugar may then be loaded direct from car to hold. The total cost of this operation, $450,000, seems modest in view of the fact that Saipan's annual export of sugar exceeds $3,000,000.

But there are other harbors that have not attracted the attention of the Commission because little or no money is being spent upon them. Money is not being spent because they are already perfect, either as commercial ports or as sites for naval bases. Japan places the greatest possible value upon these islands as the "first line of defense," to use the words of Admiral Suetsugu.

Here are 2,550 hurdles in the way of any fleet bound for the China coast. While some islands are useless, others are perfect hiding places for warships, submarines and aircraft. Truk, for example, was born to be a naval base. It is not fortified, and does not need to be, for its myriad of high rocky islands in a forty-mile-wide lagoon protected by a reef pierced by only a few passages which could easily be mined, constitute a perfect weapon turned out of Nature's own armament factory. Ponape, Kusaie, Jaluit, Enewetok and many others are also strong fortifications in Asia's new Great Wall.

At an exposed angle of the Wall stands Palau. Its position is most strategic. The Philippines are only five hundred miles away as the plane flies. The building of an airport on Palau to serve the Tokyo-Palau mail line has started wild imaginings in the minds of some Filipinos. Certainly they have no reason for fear at present, but there can be no doubt that this nearby outpost of Japan will take on importance if internal Philippine troubles in the future endanger Japanese economic interests or the lives of the many Japanese nationals in the Philippines. Palau is a warning finger.

Palau is the nearest important Japanese point to Singapore. The nearest to Australia. The nearest to the Dutch East Indies . . . which are, in fact, only six hundred miles away. Japan depends upon the United States and the Dutch East Indies for oil, without which she would be helpless in war. Therefore she must keep a path open between Japan and the Dutch East Indies. As Commander H. Sato wrote in Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual for 1927: "One-half of the oil import of Japan is drawn from the Dutch Indies; the freedom of that sea route will be absolutely necessary for her power of resistance." Palau dominates the last critical stretch of that route.

Palau harbor is as valuable a potential naval base as Saipan harbor is futile. Removed from the merchant ship harbor, which is so small that it will accommodate only two vessels comfortably, is a deep basin adequate for a fleet of at least fifty ships of good size. Its existence is not generally known but is, I presume, no secret. Officials took me over it by launch and through the broad, five-mile-long channel that connects it with the sea. Occasional Japanese warships anchor in the harbor. Merchant ships are barred. There is no sign of refueling bases or fortifications. Of course such would probably come into existence with surprising alacrity in case of need. The harbor is flanked by the hilly island of Arakabesan, on which is located the new airport.

Palau is the westernmost and southernmost important island, but lesser islands continue the Great Wall to the equator, almost to the shores of New Guinea. At the equator the Japanese and Australian mandates meet. Australia itself is only a few days' sail beyond. In fact, Micronesia has brought Japan two thousand miles closer to Australia. And, on the east, two thousand miles closer to the United States.

The breadth, length and strength of Asia's new Great Wall somehow make the "open door" seem small and narrow in proportion. Japan's invitation to Western powers to keep out of China is immeasurably strengthened by this barrier.

[1] The figures in this article are based on the yen valued at 30

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The Good Year

JUAN CABRAL was a tall Mexican who worked for my uncle, pruning vines. He was a poor man with a number of possessions: his wife Consuela, his sons Pablo and Pancho, his three daughters, his lame cousin Federico, four dogs, a cat, a guitar, a shotgun, an old horse, an old wagon and lots of pots and pans.

I was in the farmyard talking to my uncle the morning Juan came up the road in his wagon to ask for work.

What's this? my uncle said.

Mexicans, I said.

How can you tell? he said.

The dogs, I said. The Mexicans are a noble and simple people. They are never so poor they cannot keep a pack of hounds. They are Indians, mixed with other noble races.

What do they want? he said.

Work, I said. It will break their hearts to admit it, but that's what they want.

I don't need any help, my uncle said.

They won't care, I said. They'll just turn around and go on to the next vineyard.

The wagon came slowly into the farmyard and Juan Cabral said good morning in Mexican. *Buenos dias, amigos.* In bad English he said, Is there work on this vineyard for a strong Mexican?

Who? said my uncle. (For instance, he said to me.)

Me, said Juan Cabral. Juan Cabral.

Juan Cabral, said my uncle. No, there is no work.

How much is the pay? said Juan.

What'd he say? said my uncle to me. He lit a cigarette to help him through his bewilderment.

He wants to know how much the pay is, I said.

Who said anything about pay? my uncle said. I'm not hiring anybody.

He wants to know anyway, I said. He knows you're not hiring anybody.

My uncle was amazed.

Well, he said, I'm paying the Japs thirty cents an hour. Most farmers are paying twenty and twenty-five.

The pay is thirty cents an hour, I said to Juan.

That is not enough, said the Mexican. There are many mouths to feed this winter.

What's he say? said my uncle.

My uncle was pretty sore and wouldn't understand anything Juan said until I said it over again.

He says thirty cents an hour isn't enough to feed all the mouths he's got to feed this winter, I said.

Who's he got to feed? my uncle said.

All them people in the wagon, I said.

Where they going to live? my uncle said.

I don't know, I said. They'll find a place somewhere, I suppose.

Juan Cabral did not speak. One of his dogs came over to my uncle and licked my uncle's hand. My uncle jumped and looked around fearfully. What's this? he said.

It's one of the Mexican's dogs, I said.

Well, get it away from me, said my uncle.

I told the dog to go back to the wagon and it did.

My uncle watched it go back. He not only watched the dog go back, he studied the dog going back.

That's an ordinary dog, he said. You see hundreds of them in the streets.

That's right, I said.

That dog ain't worth a penny, my uncle said.

It ain't even worth a lot less than a penny, I said. You couldn't give that dog away with two dollars.

I wouldn't take that dog for three dollars, my uncle said. What can it do? Can it catch a jackrabbit or anything like that?

No, I said.

Can it scare robbers away? said my uncle.

No, I said. It would go out and lick the hands of robbers.

Well, what good is it? my uncle said.

No good at all, I said.

What do they want to keep a lot of dogs like that for? my uncle said.

They're Mexicans, I said. They're simple Mexican people.

I hear Mexicans do a lot of stealing, said my uncle.

They'll take anything that ain't got roots in the earth, I said.

I got thirteen mouths to feed, not counting my own, said Juan. Thirty cents an hour isn't enough.

Thirteen mouths? said my uncle.

He's counting the animals, I said.

I don't suppose he knows how to prune a vine, my uncle said.

Do you know how to prune a grapevine? I said to Juan.

No, señor, he said. I am a soldier.

What'd he say? said my uncle.

He says he's a soldier, I said.

The war's over, my uncle said.

The Mexican brought out his shotgun and was lifting it to his shoulder by way of demonstrating his being a soldier when my uncle noticed what he was fooling with. My uncle jumped behind me.

Tell him to put that gun away, he said. I don't want any Mexican shooting me accidentally. I believe him. I believe he's a soldier. Tell him to put that God damn gun away. He'll shoot me just to prove he's a soldier.

No he won't, I said.

I don't need any help, my uncle said to Juan Cabral.

Thirty cents an hour is not enough to feed thirteen mouths, not counting my own, said the Mexican.

He put the gun away, and the first thing my uncle knew five young Mexican faces were looking up at him. He almost lost his balance.

Who are these people? he said.

These are the children, I said. Two boys and three girls.

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What do they want? said my uncle.

Beans and flour and salt, I said. They don't want much.

Tell them to go away, my uncle said. He don't know how to prune a vine.

Anybody can learn how to prune a vine, I said.

He'll ruin my vineyard, my uncle said.

And steal everything that ain't got roots in the earth, I said.

I'm paying ten cents an hour more than most farmers are paying, my uncle said.

He says it ain't enough, I said.

Well, said my uncle, ask him *how much is* enough.

Señor Cabral, I said to the Mexican, will you work for thirty-five cents an hour? My uncle does not need any help, but he likes you.

Have you a dwelling for my family and the animals? said the Mexican.

Yes, I said. It is modest but comfortable.

Is there much work to do? said the Mexican.

Very little, I said.

Is there much work to do? said the Mexican.

It is pleasant and healthful, I said.

Juan Cabral stepped down from the wagon and came over to my uncle. My uncle was pretty scared. The dogs walked behind the Mexican, and his children were already surrounding my uncle.

Señor, said the Mexican to my uncle, I will work in your vineyard.

I am honored, said my uncle.

He was all mixed up. It was the dogs mostly, but it was also the five Mexican children, and the Mexican's magnificent manners.

It was certainly not the gun. My uncle wouldn't let any power in the world intimidate him.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the Mexicans were established in their little house, and I took Juan Cabral, followed by Pablo and Pancho and his lame cousin Federico, to a vine to teach him how to prune. I explained the reasons for each clip of the shears. To keep the shape of the vine. To keep it strong. To let its fresh branches grow upward toward the sun. And so forth. I moved down the row of vines to the next vine. I handed him the pruning shears and asked if he wouldn't enjoy trying to prune the vine. He was very polite and said it would be a pleasure. He worked thoughtfully and slowly, explaining to his children and his lame cousin, as I had explained to him, the reasons for each clip of the shears. His lame cousin Federico, who was a man of sixty or so, was very much impressed.

I suggested that he go on pruning vines until dark and returned to my uncle who was sitting at the wheel of the Ford, dreaming.

How does it look? he said.

Excellent, I said.

We drove back to the city sixty-six miles an hour, as if my uncle wanted to get away from something frightening, and all the way he didn't speak. When we were coming into Ventura Avenue near the Fair Grounds he said, All four of them dogs ain't worth a penny put together.

It ain't the dogs, I said. Mexicans just look at it that way.

I thought that dog was going to bite me, my uncle said.

No, I said. He wouldn't think of it. Not even if you kicked him. His heart was full of love. The same as the Mexicans. The stealing they do never amounts to anything.

Them kids looked pretty healthy, my uncle said.

They don't come any healthier, I said.

What do they eat? my uncle said.

Beans and Mexican bread, I said. Stuff that ain't supposed to be good for you.

Do you think he'll ever learn to prune a vine? my uncle said.

Sure, I said.

I don't suppose he'll go away with the tractor, will he? my uncle said.

No, I said. It's much too heavy.

I lost money on that vineyard last year, my uncle said.

I know, I said. You lost money on it the year before too.

I've been losing money on that vineyard ever since I bought it, my uncle said. Who wants grapes? Who wants raisins?

It may be different this year, I said.

Do you think so? my uncle said.

I think this Mexican is going to do the trick, I said.

That's funny, my uncle said. I've been thinking the same thing. If he feeds them thirteen mouths this winter, not counting his own, it won't be so bad this year.

You can't lose more than you lost last year, I said.

The Japs are all right, my uncle said, only they don't look at things the way Mexicans do.

The Japs wouldn't think of keeping four ordinary dogs, I said.

They'd drive the dogs away, my uncle said.

They'd throw rocks at the dogs, I said.

I think I'm going to have a good year this year, my uncle said.

We didn't say anything more all the way into town.

WILLIAM SAROYAN.

Epitaph for the Great Dead

Cover the light, put out the eyes:
one or another must be done.
Hereafter there shall be no prize
for consultation with the sun.

The endless cunning of the mad
dissembles death. Not so for these,
who stared with every nerve they had
into the sun's full fiery seas.

VINCENT MCHUGH.

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Washington Notes

Peace Parley Plans for the Western Hemisphere —Hull and Roosevelt Get the Vivas— Saavedra-Lamas Pulls the Strings

THERE are reports that Mr. Roosevelt's Pan-American peace conference, now tentatively set for next August at Buenos Aires, will develop into a very spectacular show. When the conference was first proposed last month, it was assumed that its purpose would be merely to correlate existing conciliation and arbitration pacts. I now learn that influential individuals within the administration, as well as in several Latin American countries, are eager to go much farther. They want to set up a League that will have behind it the threat of economic sanctions against an aggressor.

There is evidence that Mr. Roosevelt's political advisers are genuinely concerned about the peace vote in this country. They are uncomfortably aware that many pacifists resented the way the administration ratted out on its own Pittman neutrality bill. They are also aware that there is a wide popular prejudice against munitions manufacturers, and that, as a result of Mr. Roosevelt's lavish appropriations to the army and navy, the munitions companies have had better business, and greater profits, than ever before in our peacetime history. Administration advisers hope that a Latin American conference, guaranteeing peace to half the world, may lure the peace vote back.

It would be unjust, however, to regard the Buenos Aires conference as purely an election stunt. Probably the country has never had as Secretary of State a more ardent peace advocate than Mr. Hull. He has given his life to fighting Republican tariffs, and for him the flow of goods across peaceful international frontiers is a thing beautiful beyond description. Since his success at Montevideo in 1933, he has had an especial affection for Latin America, and the sincerity of his interest in the forthcoming conference—and that of the State Department experts—cannot be questioned.

The relations between the United States and the Latin American nations have now reached such a pitch of mutual enthusiasm that almost anything the Roosevelt administration proposes at Buenos Aires is likely to be received with *vivas*. In this country, there seems to be a belief that the increased cordiality of Latin America is due to Mr. Roosevelt's generous treatment of Cuba, and particularly to the repeal of the Platt Amendment. In point of fact, however, the Roosevelt administration is now protecting American business interests in Cuba by supporting the current dictator, Batista, in exactly the same way that Mr. Hoover supported Machado. The Caribbean countries are filled with Cuban exiles crying to heaven against Ambassador Caffrey and the imperialism of the Yankees. It is my belief that the improvement in our relations with Latin America is due largely to the personality of a remarkable man—Carlos Saavedra-Lamas, Foreign Minister of Argentina. Before Saavedra-Lamas took office, Argentina had been the champion of all small, oppressed Caribbean nations against the United States. Now it is all changed.

By expert judges, it is said that Saavedra-Lamas ranks only slightly behind Hitler and Mussolini in self-conceit. He is undeniably a handsome man, very finicky about his dress. He is celebrated for his extraordinarily high, tight, stiff linen collars, which serve him as a sort of trademark. As might be guessed, he is not popular among his countrymen, and his original appointment as Foreign Minister by the Justo government was partly an accident, something like the appointment of Mr. Cummings as Attorney General by President Roosevelt. However, his invincible egotism has since served the governmental group of his country extremely well, and has been of incidental profit to the United States.

Under the previous regime, that of the aged Irigoyen, Argentina had virtually ceased to have foreign relations, and the prestige of the country had materially suffered. This suited the mass of people, who ceased to worry about boundary disputes and the possibility of war, but it was galling to Argentina's diplomats, generals and admirals. In Saavedra-Lamas, the latter found a man who instinctively would fight like a jaguar for prestige, who insisted on a voice in every diplomatic controversy on the continent and who was invariably in the exact center, front, of every international meeting. Under Saavedra-Lamas, Argentina's prestige has risen rapidly, and in her effort to maintain it, Argentina is arming with great speed and on a larger scale than any other Latin American nation.

The most difficult problem Saavedra-Lamas has had to solve has been that of beef exports to England. By the Ottawa agreements, England placed restrictions on her purchases of Argentinian beef, and these restrictions have been subsequently increased. Because of this shrinkage in his market, the Argentinian rancher found his prices falling disastrously, while the cost of the goods he bought from England remained high. There has been vast popular resentment against the great meat-packing corporations; some time ago the Argentinian government raided the offices of one of them and placed its manager under arrest. This action scandalized the British, who tend to regard Argentina as a clandestine colony.

With the apparent object of putting England in her place, Saavedra-Lamas began to veer towards the United States—the first Argentinian to do so in many years. On behalf of the Roosevelt administration, it must be said that it responded nobly to his overture. Saavedra-Lamas is the author of a peace pact that is a sort of grab-bag of odds and ends from earlier peace treaties. At Montevideo, the United States praised the Pacto Saavedra-Lamas extravagantly, and called on all American republics to sign it. Saavedra-Lamas' leadership in the Chaco negotiations has been scrupulously recognized. Now, by proposing that the new peace conference be held at Buenos Aires, where Saavedra-Lamas will automatically be its head, Mr. Roosevelt has assured him of several weeks of blazing publicity. To say that Saavedra-Lamas is grateful and that he has a high regard for Mr. Roosevelt's sagacity, is a rank understatement.

Economic sanctions, faithfully applied, could probably have stopped the Chaco war, and if the Buenos Aires conference can make future South American wars less likely, Mr. Roosevelt will be entitled to all the political advan-

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tage he can gain from it. The only possible danger is that if this country agrees to sanctions on this hemisphere, it may become more willing to agree to them elsewhere. The Latin American countries are strongly attached to the League, and will be insistent on integrating whatever is done at Buenos Aires with the League system. But it must be recognized that there is a cardinal difference between the peace problem on this hemisphere and that in Europe and the Far East. Here there is only one great power—ourselves. Among the countries within our economic orbit—that is, all those except Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay—we have in fact kept peace for many years. That is one of the things that can be said in mitigation of our imperialism. But measures that we could safely take against Guatemala, for instance, will furnish no guide in the case of Germany or Japan.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Mr. Wright, Special Adviser to the R.F.C.—
The Bull Market Has a Birthday—
Will He Live to Grow Up?

IT IS but a few weeks now since Mr. Jesse Jones, the easy-riding boss of the R.F.C., came in for criticism for handing out to Mr. Walter J. Cummings of Chicago a series of juicy railroad jobs that net Mr. Cummings something in the neighborhood of $90,000 a year. Now he is being subjected to more criticism for naming a well known Wall Street banker-railroadman as a special adviser in connection with some of his railroad loans. This is Mr. Frank C. Wright, at present a director of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad and formerly a director of the now defaulted Frisco.

The Frisco road is one of those which have an amazing record of mismanagement, having been a frequent visitor to the bankruptcy department of the federal courts. It is also one of those roads which have been in the hands of banker-managers. Its history bears all the marks of that kind of management. When it blew up in 1913, the bankers gathered around the carcass in their usual role of reorganization committees. The road had been in receivership in 1896. Here it was after seventeen years back in the hands of the courts. There it remained until 1916. It kept out of the courts' hands for another sixteen years and went into receivership again in November, 1932.

One of the bankers that was connected with the 1916 reorganization was Lee, Higginson and Company, now famous as the house that handled the most amazing fiasco of the decade—the Kreuger-Toll affair. Apparently after the reorganization, Lee, Higginson kept their hands on the road. One of Lee, Higginson's staff—handling railroad matters—was Mr. Frank C. Wright. And sometime around 1921 he became a director of the Frisco, where he remained until 1926. He remained with Lee, Higginson until 1932, when they went into liquidation. But now he turns up as a special adviser of the R.F.C.

All this is said without any reflection on Mr. Wright's probity. He may be one of the greatest railroad advisers in history and one of the ablest railroad financiers. But great Wall Street banking houses are doing down in Washington under the New Deal advising the New Deal about those matters with which they were connected as the representatives of the bankers.

The Treasury had Mr. Earle Bailie of J. and W. Seligman as the adviser of the Treasury—after that firm's connection with the amazing Chilean financing episode. Mr. Jones has Mr. Cummings, connected with various Wall Street and LaSalle Street enterprises and said to be close to one of the great Chicago banking houses, as his representative in a great bank and on a railroad receivership, while a representative of Lee, Higginson and Company is a railroad adviser.

In this particular case, the R.F.C. is one of the creditors of the Frisco. The Frisco is in receivership. Lee, Higginson and Company were connected with the Frisco. Mr. Frank C. Wright was connected with Lee, Higginson and Company until 1932. He was a director of the Frisco for five years until 1926. I don't know whether he is to have anything to do with the Frisco financing or reorganization or not. But I cannot resist the feeling that the government of the United States ought not to go into the ranks of these banking houses for advisers and aides.

Wall Street has been having a celebration—a birthday. It was the first anniversary of its bull market—what might be called the second Roosevelt bull market. The first one began in April, 1933, and ended with a crash in July, 1933. The second one began at the end of March, 1935, and was one year old—a lusty and kicking infant—only last week. When the child will die, of course, no one can say. We know only that it is mortal and that in due time it will take its place in the tomb beside the corpses of all the other big and little bulls, including the first Roosevelt bull market.

Like all bull markets, it betrays one of the characteristics of its breed—namely that in its upward flight it outruns business activity. Thus, in the last year business activity as recorded by index numbers increased about nine percent, while stock prices increased forty-eight percent.

It is, of course, thoroughly unhealthy and unwholesome. But this does not mean that it will not flourish for a while longer. As long as the government continues spending, the frisky bull will be safe. And there seems to be no prospect that the government will check its spending. For one thing, it cannot very well do so with 12,600,000 people idle and an election coming on. For another thing, it gives no sign of reducing expenditures. For instance, up to March 16, the government expenditures in this fiscal year (eight and a half months of it) were $4,976,000,000 compared with $4,788,000,000 last year in the same period. This is $188,000,000 more than last year. I am not criticizing this. I merely call attention to it for its bearing on our young bull.

The President has asked for $1,500,000,000 for relief through W.P.A. But he makes it plain that this is not necessarily for the entire fiscal year of 1937 and, while he points out that he will have an unexpended balance of $1,000,000,000 from this year and $600,000,000 additional for the R.F.C., he omits several more millions in authorized and allocated but unexpended balances in various government agencies, to say nothing of the bonus millions.

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which begins July 1, 1936, than in the present fiscal year. And this is what Wall Street is banking on.

Hence there is no reason to suppose that the bull will go to an early grave. This will be all the more true if house building spurts a bit this summer, as it gives some sign of doing. The time to prepare for the bull's illness and demise will be when the Republican demand for a balanced budget by cutting down spending is achieved or seems to be in prospect. Or perhaps when Mr. Roosevelt runs afoul of some new adviser who convinces him that he must pull in sail. It is almost incredible that these very wise persons in Wall Street who damn Roosevelt overlook the fact that their lively young bull, whose birthday they have just commemorated, has been brought up entirely on a diet of Roosevelt doles. JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Nazis and Scholarship

THE ATTEMPT to make Nazi propaganda by extending invitations to universities throughout the world to celebrate the five hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Heidelberg has aroused much interest in Great Britain, as it has done in the United States. In the former country, we are told, there is now an overwhelming sentiment against accepting the German invitation. This development is in large part attributed to the letter written by the Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University, appearing in The London Times and reproduced below.—THE EDITORS.

The issues raised by the invitation of the University of Heidelberg cut deep into the quick of first principles. It must be remembered that since 1933 the University has dismissed or deprived of their posts forty-four members of its staff for racial, religious or political reasons. Other German universities, of course, have as black or a blacker record, but that is not at present the point. These forty-four unhappy persons, many of whom are of no small eminence in their subjects, have practically been deprived of the means of earning their living. Cruel as unemployment and poverty always are, it is still more cruel to deprive men and women of marked ability and aptitude of the facilities (access to laboratories or libraries) for pursuing the line of work to which they have devoted their lives and the pursuit of which alone makes life worth living, quite apart from the value of their contributions to science and learning not only to their own country but to every country in which the advancement of knowledge and of truth is a fundamental function of a university organization.

Supposing that any British university had dismissed forty-four of its staff, not because of intellectual mediocrity or incompetence, but for racial, religious and political reasons, and then invited the other British universities and great organizations such as the Royal Society and the British Academy to send delegates to attend an important jubilee and congratulate that university on its achievement and wish it Godspeed in its disinterested and free pursuit of knowledge and truth; and suppose that the German universities, moved by Christian charity and the brotherhood of learning, had been doing their best by the voluntary self-sacrifice of their own staffs, to keep these forty-four dis- facilities as they could to pursue their life's work, would any British university accept such an invitation? I am quite sure it would not. Why then should the British universities act differently toward a foreign university guilty of such intolerance and persecution? We are told that eminent men from Great Britain have accepted invitations and delivered lectures in Heidelberg, in which they have indicated their dissent from what has been done in the German universities. But we know that the visits of these eminent persons have been represented throughout the length and breadth of Germany as concurrence with, even approval of, Nazi policy, and that their dissent has been carefully omitted from all German newspaper reports.

Individual visits and lectures are one thing, the responsibility for which rests solely on the lecturer. A delegate formally appointed to represent a university, probably bringing with him a formal address of congratulation, is quite another. Are the delegates to state in public to a German audience that they dissent from the policy and acts of their hosts, or are they by their silence to convey their approval? It is as certain as anything can be that the presence of British delegates will be proclaimed throughout Germany as a considered gesture of British approval of Nazi policy in the universities; and if, which is unlikely in the circumstances, dissent is indicated, it will be resented by the host and carefully suppressed in the reports of the Heidelberg celebration throughout Germany.

The Senate of the University of Birmingham has unanimously decided not to accept the invitation. That Senate cannot be accused of anti-German bias, because for years we have had a system of exchange-German and exchange-English students (graduate and undergraduate), and we have not allowed the deplorable and sinister developments in the German universities to prevent the operation of the scheme. We have refused the invitation of Heidelberg, not because we are insular and ignorant cranks, but because we are good Europeans, to whom the trusteeship of truth is a serious responsibility and because what has happened in the German universities is a flat and aggressive negation of the fundamentals of any true university life. Those who overlook the commission of a crime today invite the commission of a more serious crime tomorrow.

Today, more urgently than ever, it is the duty of the universities, and particularly the British universities, to preserve the pursuit of truth and knowledge from the rising tidal wave of intolerance, violence, cruelty and persecution sweeping all over the world. Treachery to truth and betrayal of the conditions in which alone truth can be saved and promoted are a breach of trusteeship, the consequences of which may be irreparable. It is not the British universities nor the British people who are blocking coöperation with Germany. But coöperation can be purchased at too dear a price if one of the parties surrenders the first principles of a free life. Many of us feel with Lord Russell that "the threat to intellectual freedom is greater in our day than at any time since 1660," and are not prepared to concur in action which will be interpreted to mean that freedom of speech and freedom of opinion and freedom from racial, religious and political persecution are of no importance to British university life.

CHARLES GRANT ROBERTSON.

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Films: Yes and No

THE VERDICT on the pictures worth mentioning this time is pretty generally divided, all of them being good stuff, none of them outstanding. "Desire" seems to be the nearest to honest success—light and fast comedy, but becoming overcast with moral balancings by the end of the day. It does some very neat footing around an old plot track: the bogus countess lifting the pearls, becoming involved with an American during the getaway and (being Marlene Dietrich) remaining sleek, beautiful and devastating throughout. After a stock comedy opening and the business of Gary Cooper's getting his vacation, it moves right into action. The countess calls on the jeweler, she drives off; she rolls up in a different car to fix it with the psychiatrist, phones, goes out; and the sequence cuts through to her introduction of the two in the evening, poised, direct, getting the loot and leaving the men to go through a very funny modern version (thanks mainly to Alan Mowbray) of the poet Villon and the fish and the delivery boy and the father confessor, while she is burning up the roads down to the Spanish border. From there on it is Miss Dietrich and Mr. Cooper all over the place, nip and tuck, with upsets, much chase and a villa.

In this general progression from the life of crime into the romantic idyll there are many nice things, as in the delightful human twist of the place where they are having a first breakfast together, passionate absolutely, and he makes a little start (get set for some choice gossamer about a cottage of their own) and she says, What, dear, what is it? And he is a little slow in answering (up the flower-lined path he maybe catches a sudden hint of little pattering feet?) and then says, I was wondering if you were, ah, going to eat all of your, hm, eggs—which eggs she surrenders to him and it seems there is nothing like love for an appetite, and while this is nothing much in itself, it indicates a good line of approach, a fresh way of handling things—take also the scene where he has caught up with her and strides through the room, quite manly, starting to bawl the very devil out of her: what did she mean, stealing his car—and suddenly is brought up with the renewed vision of what she is, which brings him back to where he was, which is to say, the slave of her glance, etc., and so he raises his hat and says, with a quite boyish charm and awkwardness, Oh . . . hello, he says instead.

On the whole the picture moves smoothly up through its middle part and then falls afoul of its own speed and luster. First it gets involved and then it gets goody-goody; and since everything that followed the clinch is anticlimax anyway it ends up being about as dull a picture as "Wife vs. Secretary." And this is too bad. If it had been possible to forget the letter of morality, they might have arranged a simple plan of escape, held up several matters to allow for this, and faded on that love scene. Given the performance of Gary Cooper (his usual engaging self, a little slow but sufficient) and Marlene Dietrich (who goes beyond her average histrionic ability by having not only personal loveliness but the ability to create that effect and sustain it through a show), given these people and the present treatment of their vehicle, a film is something to skip, lest we come to hold cheaply one of the best

"These Three" is Lillian Hellman's very clever rewrite of her "Children's Hour." It makes quite a fair film—nothing extra, but the play itself was no world-beater anyway. While the picture gains in production values, it loses in point, movie morals not being the morals of the legitimate stage by quite a margin. The story of a girl whose two lovers form, shall we say, mixed company, becomes of necessity the story of two girls and a boy. The strong bond between the two girls, the hint of abnormality, was what kept "The Children's Hour" together, giving the ordinary a touch of the sinister and making everything as dead and impossible after the crash as it was shown to be on the stage. Whereas a simple triangle is not enough to explain a whole picture, causing many of the difficulties to seem artificial, some attitudes squeamish and silly.

Aside from the first unlikely college scene, a jerry-built epilogue, and the introduction to the old farmhouse (where there was a mix-up as between broken-down and breakaway), "These Three" is well written and acted, and handsomely put on (direction by William Wyler). It gains in motion and gains in the groundwork of detail; the brat is everywhere and into everything, her arm-twisting and diabolic energy are more real; there are little touches of brightness worked in here and there (mostly at the expense of the Duchess); the dénouement, however ill founded, works out with fluid continuity; and there is an emotional climax—where Margaret Hamilton as the maid gets a chance on the brat's last tantrum, draws way back and fetches her a smack that can be heard in the lobby—bringing the whole audience up with little yelps of delight. Even knowing the story, I kept pretty constantly interested in this picture, and could not get very upset over the nominal discrepancy between its more or less work-a-day parts and the glamor of the ladies who fill them—Miriam Hopkins and in particular Merle Oberon, who of course could never have got near enough a school to teach it, for all the men piled up for blocks around.

There is not much time left for the other movies at hand. "The Country Doctor" makes a really touching and amusing little bundle, being mostly the story of some mythical trading-company doctor in the north country, his staunch nurse (Dorothy Peterson), his troubles with the company, with epidemics, with the sheriff (Slim Summerville), his gentleness, quiet bravery, near defeat, etc. Homespun humor and sentiment, well mounted and acted; and since the Dionne Quints, showing only in the last static two reels, are really stunning babies, you can take this part as a sort of news feature, walking out when necessary.

And then there is Warner Baxter in "Robin Hood of El Dorado," a western with benefit of a modern romance treatment and several thoughtful squints at "Viva Villa." There is fine material in the true study of a Mexican driven by the brutality of the white settlers in early California into banditry. But this is not a true study, the real tragedy of the situation being treated as so much background (overdrawn at that) for a thriller. It is colorful, however, and with some really smashing action. . . . The picture of Mae West going mildly Salvation Army ("Klondike Annie"), being the whole show as usual but this time without one sure-fire laugh or crowning moment, is a good

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A COMMUNICATION

The Case of Alfred Miller

SIR: "I recommend that Alfred Miller be deported to Germany," said Immigration Inspector Stewart, after he had grilled me for seven hours in Plentywood, Montana, last May.

I had expected that I would meet with many new experiences in America, without imagining, however, that a verdict of this sort would ever be pronounced against me. I entered the United States legally, as a quota immigrant, in 1929. During the years that have since elapsed I have acquired a fair knowledge of the economic and social conditions in this country and I may truly say that I have always tried to contribute my share to the welfare of the American people wherever I went.

When Hitler came into power in 1933, my wife, who had been on the staff of Der Funke, a Socialist daily, and my little daughter, both of whom I had been compelled to leave in Germany, were forced to seek refuge abroad. I considered myself fortunate to have come to America and thus to have escaped the horrors to which so many of my friends and co-workers were being subjected.

In February, 1934, I became editor of The Producers' News, a farm weekly coöperatively owned and printed by about six hundred farmers in Sheridan County, Montana, which for the last five years has been in the drought area. By 1934, conditions had become such that almost every farmer was on relief. For eighteen years The Producers' News had taken a leading part in the struggle of those pioneer farmers for the betterment of their conditions; the paper had to live up to that splendid tradition. It organized mass meetings from which protests were sent to United States Senator Burton K. Wheeler until adequate measures were taken to alleviate the suffering of the farmers.

The Producers' News saw to it that those who needed it received aid and came to the support of those who were too timid to act for themselves. We uncompromisingly exposed every case of unfair treatment and injustice and succeeded in having the Senior Case Worker, a Miss Maggie Randall, removed from office on charges of general incompetence and discrimination in allocating relief funds. It was reported to me that Miss Randall had said she would "get even with Miller before I leave this county."

Late in March I was taken into custody by the Immigration authorities from Scobey, Montana. They had no warrant and officially I wasn't arrested, merely "detained." The local immigration patrol stationed on the Canadian border at Plentywood, where the paper was published, had at no time interfered with my work; probably because The Producers' News was so popular locally.

About a month later Assistant Secretary of Labor Turner W. Battle issued a warrant for my arrest. I was now officially placed under arrest, but soon released on a $1,000 bail bond provided by my farmer friends. The warrant had stamped me as an "alien who writes, publishes and causes to be written and published printed matter advising, advocating and teaching the overthrow by force and violence of the government of the United States."

Resolutions demanding that deportation proceedings against me be dropped were passed by the Farm Holiday Association, the Farmers' Union, the United Farmers' League and various farmer-protective associations. More than 400 delegates of these associations assembled at Sioux Falls last March and unanimously adopted a resolution demanding that "Alfred Miller be allowed to stay in this country to continue to help us in our fight to better our conditions."

In spite of everything that was said and done in my favor, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins ordered that I be delivered into the hands of the Nazi butchers. I don't see how Miss Perkins could have been unaware of the fact that I was known as a militant anti-fascist; The Producers' News fought Nazism relentlessly. Miss Perkins reads newspapers and receives news from Germany through other channels. Surely she must have known, therefore, that she signed my death warrant when she put her name to the deportation order. My appeal can no longer rest with Miss Perkins. It must be decided by the American people's spirit of fair play. Their country was once called a haven for the oppressed. Will they deny the right of asylum to Germans who can't return to their country on account of their known hostility to the Nazi regime? These people are as much refugees as those who had to flee from Hitlerland. What will the American people do about it? We German refugees want an answer.

Ellis Island, New York City. ALFRED MILLER.

P. S. "The Anti-fascist, Hans Kist, who a short time ago was deported by the Canadian authorities to Germany, where he was placed in a concentration camp, has been murdered. The Nazis belabored him with heavy objects while he was lying on the floor. They broke both his legs and inflicted mortal injuries upon him."—*Berlin, February 23, 1935 (Inpress).*

CORRESPONDENCE

Hoosier Hitlerism

SIR: May we be permitted the use of your columns to spread the distressing news that Indiana has enacted into law the Hearst-American-Legion-inspired attacks against minority political parties? This law disfranchises thousands of citizens and does away with freedom of the ballot. It might well be termed "tyranny on the Wabash" or "Hoosier Hitlerism." The statute as enacted provides that:

> no political party, individual or candidate of any group shall be recognized and given a place on the ballot which advocates the overthrow by force or violence, or which advocates or carries on a program of sedition or of treason by radio, speech or press, of our local, state or national government. No newly organized political party shall be represented on the ballot until it has filed an affidavit by its officers, under oath, that it does not advocate the overthrow of local, state or national government by force or violence.

Factually, the statute is merely a law for the perpetuation of the two major political parties. It simply provides for the rule over the ballot by a bi-partisan board, which is to be the sole judge of the parties allowed on the ballot. The board can bar from the ticket any party it decides is advocating "violence" in its platform. Who decides this "violence" problem? Why, the bi-partisan board, of course—the board of the two major parties. The language of the law is so loose that it could clearly be used to drive out not

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only the Socialists and the Communists but *any* progressive party.

No definitions of "advocates the overthrow by violence," or "advocates or carries on a program of sedition or of treason," or "affiliation in any way with any political party or organization or subdivision of any organization" or "character and nature of the political doctrines" are given in the statute for the benefit of the election boards. They are left to the whim and caprice of these boards for determination.

Patently the law is unconstitutional, and it is altogether unnecessary, for the dangers it anticipates are already taken care of by adequate laws. Furthermore, this law can be used in a most repressive way against any and every political group that opposes the party in power. The State (Indiana) Committee for Repeal of this law, in coöperation with the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee, is carrying its fight for the repeal of this un-American law to the state courts. The local committee has a big job on hand. It needs the moral as well as financial support of every freedom-loving citizen. Address all communications and make all funds payable to Mabel Mitchell, Secretary, 1336 Broadway, Indianapolis, Indiana.

MABEL MITCHELL, Secretary,
The State Committee for Repeal of H. B. 221.

Indianapolis, Ind.

No Insinuation

SIR: In your issue of February 12, Mr. Hamilton Basso insinuates that my biography of John C. Calhoun, "The Cast-Iron Man," is fascist propaganda. It is not obvious to me what is the connection between the libertarian democracy of Jefferson, Calhoun and Davis, and the bigoted nonsense of the Mussolini-Hitler riffraff; but perhaps Mr. Basso's method of arriving at the conclusion (through his nose, as he expresses it) defies my comprehension.

I realize that a book has no defense against the prejudices of individual readers which pass as "reviews," but I do think that when such prejudices descend to personalities any reputable magazine such as yours will be willing to publish the author's protest.

Brewster, N. Y. ARTHUR STYRON.

SIR: Mr. Styron is finding an insinuation where none was intended. If I thought his book was fascist propaganda I would have said so in just so many words. I found it written, as I took pains to point out, from a decided anti-democratic and anti-liberal point of view; a point of view closer to that of Mr. Pelley and his Silver Shirts than Mr. Styron seems to realize. If, beyond this, Mr. Styron feels that any apology is due him, I am only too happy to offer it.

New Orleans, La. HAMILTON BASSO.

Get Rid of Ridder

SIR: As the prelude to the dismissal of 40,000 W. P. A. employees in New York City, the local administrator Victor F. Ridder has begun a union-busting campaign against the City Projects Council, organization of white-collar W.P.A. employees. He is doing this by traditional methods; raising a Red scare by accusing the C. P. C. of being run by "Communists who do not believe in the home, God, and the government"; and by openly fostering reactionary "company unions."

Project workers have become accustomed to discount allegations of administrators. But this is the first time that an administrator has openly fostered unions with fascist tendencies. *E. g.,* Mr. Ridder is backing a Veterans' League on theatre projects; an organization that owes its inception partly to Major Ball, an administrative official. Ostensibly possessing a program that promises "two flags on every project," the League has instituted a spy squad directed against so-called Reds—in plain words, those fighting for the continuation of W. P. A. at trade-union wages. At one of their meetings, a speaker, former Assemblyman Phelps Phelps, openly advocated violence to rid the projects of militant union members; the League demands the dismissal of the federal and local administrators, Hallie Flanagan and Philip Barber, on the grounds of "radicalism."

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Ridder's [illegible] broken promises to project workers. If these tendencies are to be nipped in the bud, all progressive and liberal elements in the country must demand, along with us, the dismissal by Harry Hopkins of Victor F. Ridder.

OSCAR R. FUSS,
Executive Secretary, City Projects Council.

New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The International Committee for Political Prisoners anounces that a delegation consisting of Edward Haskell of New York, Smile Voydanoff of Detroit and the Reverend A. E. Smith of Toronto is now on its way to Bulgaria. The members will attend a trial of the Macedonian Nationalists who are being charged with conspiracy against the Bulgarian government for purely political activities, involving no violence.

Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott tells us of plans for a testimonial luncheon to Dr. Henry Richardson Linville to be held in New York City on March 28. Dr. Linville is President of the New York Teachers' Guild and has had a distinguished career in educational activities. Friends are using his seventieth birthday as an occasion to present him with a pension fund as part compensation for his willingness to give up a regular teaching position in order to devote himself to the activities of the Guild. Checks drawn to the order of Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott as treasurer will be welcomed by the Linville Testimonial Committee, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The New York Committee of Social Scientists and Workers, whose members donate their time free in helping to work out socially useful projects and to ensure just working conditions for W.P.A. projects, is seeking a fund of $1,000 to cover its office expenses for the current year. Dr. Frankwood E. Williams is chairman of this committee, which maintains headquarters at 44 West Twelfth Street, New York City. . . . Miss Eva Goldbeck says that the Downtown Music School, Rooom 531, 799 Broadway, New York City, which gives musical education to workers and their families, and whose registration has increased from 70 to 300 in the past two terms, is in need of money, musical instruments, furniture, books and music.

The Federal Theatre Project of New York, which is allotted no funds for advertising, advises us that the following regular productions are now giving nightly performances in New York City:

"Murder in the Cathedral"—Manhattan Theatre, Fifty-third Street and Broadway. Prices: 25 and 55 cents.

"Chalk Dust"—Experimental Theatre, Sixty-third Street and Broadway. Prices 25, 40 and 55 cents.

"A Woman of Destiny"—Willis Theatre, One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street and Willis Avenue, Bronx, New York. Prices: 25 and 55 cents.

"Conjure Man Dies"—Lafayette Theatre, One Hundred and Thirty-first Street and Seventh Avenue. Prices 25 and 55 cents.

"Triple-A Plowed Under"—Biltmore Theatre, Forty-seventh Street, west of Broadway. Price: 25 cents. Two performances nightly, 7:30 P. M. and 9:00 P. M.

What's on the Air?

George Sokolsky, author and lecturer, describing the present status of Central Europe. Friday, March 27, 4 P. M., C.B.S.

Jouett Shouse, president of the American Liberty League, on "The New Inquisition." Friday, March 27, 10:45 to 11 P. M., C.B.S.

Newton D. Baker and others discussing "What Can We Do for Peace?" Saturday, March 28, 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Postmaster General James A. Farley describes "Progress under Roosevelt." Saturday, March 28, 10:30 P. M., C.B.S.

America's Town Meeting—debate between representatives of Department of Labor and National Association of Manufacturers on "Will Complete Unionization Promote Recovery?" Thursday, April 2, 9:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Colonel Frank Knox, candidate for Republican nomination for President, Saturday, April 4, 10:00 to 10:30 P. M., C.B.S.

Expressionistic

Triple-A Plowed Under, a dramatization in twenty-two scenes of the American farm problem. The Biltmore Theatre, March 14, 1936.

Case of Clyde Griffiths, by Erwin Piscator and Lena Goldschmidt. Ethel Barrymore Theatre, March 13, 1936.

BY THE turns of circumstance both the production of the Group Theatre and of the Federal W.P.A. Theatre are in the same method. The expressionism of which we were all talking some years ago has, of course never quite vanished, and is here completely employed.

Of the two productions, that of the W.P.A. had more of a certain simple force, the force of actual events, done quickly and not without violence in the comment implied. The Living Newspaper differed from the average newspaper by taking sides openly. We might say, if you insist, that all sides were given a chance; but there are many ways of giving a chance, and the applause and booing from the audience combined with the stage entertainment in a way to leave no doubts as to what we were to think. Incidentally, there was no admission charge and half an hour was allowed between the opening of the doors and the nine o'clock curtain for the theatre to fill. The curtain rose on time, to music, and music separated, and sometimes supported, the various brief scenes that made the entertainment more or less numbers in a sort of revue.

During Lincoln's administration more than 36,000 persons in the North were imprisoned for expressing opinions contrary to those held by the Washington government. Certainly if we take "Triple-A Plowed Under" as evidence, the present government at Washington could not be said to be bent on the suppression of free speech.

The scheme of "Triple-A Plowed Under" opens with a scene in which the farmers are exhorted to raise more in order to help win the War and save civilization, then deflation is shown, the bewilderment of all involved, then scenes are projected showing the difference between what the farmer receives and the consumer pays. The play moves rapidly forward. We see the land people protecting themselves, the milk strikes, the burning of crops while consumers go hungry, the defeat of the farm foreclosures. The government is shown with its triple-A program; we see what the results are for the farmer, the consumer and the speculator. The results are painted as weak enough and as ending pretty much in a muddle. In a somewhat longer scene the Supreme Court, ingeniously presented as shadow silhouettes against that background of a great national document, is shown passing judgment on this situation. Various members speak and then across the scene come such personages as Al Smith, Thomas Jefferson and Earl Browder. They add their comments on the case. From the audience much booing and cat-calling greeted Mr. Smith; Jefferson was practically ignored, while Mr. Browder for his Communism got a hand of thunderous applause. This vociferation died slowly down with various calls for silence. There were repeated none of the threats of violence that are reported for the opening night of "Triple-A Plowed Under," when harsh voices, scufflings and arrests occurred.

So far as I could guess, I saw many in the [illegible] who were not actors. If one wished to be smarty one might say that this is true of any Broadway cast; but here is meant professional actors; many of the players seemed to be there solely for the purpose of giving them employment relief. It is necessary to say this in order to add that for the use, or medium, of such an assemblage, the scheme chosen was wise. The short, simple scenes by which movement, mass, a single gesture, and concentrated or much simplified dialogue, were made to convey the point, were well suited to the simple equipment that the producers had to work with. Acting would have helped, but up to a certain point almost anyone could do what the director required for the case. The groups were often admirably disposed, and the stage effects concrete and inescapable. The theatre medium here was generalized and meant to carry simply. Some of the scenes were scatterish, but on the whole Mr. Joe Losey in the direction had made a passable solution of this very special case and problem. Meanwhile the sequence and editorial content, as it were, of the scenes proceeded from a loud speaker and in no uncertain terms.

It is, of course, always a problem, in any art, as to how far things which you know very well already are interesting. That will vary with the individual; and, varying with the individual, will depend on the extent to which the whole material is converted into art's language and persuasion—*ars longa*. I must say that the Federal Theatre's "Triple-A Plowed Under" ends by being sincere, theatre-minded (within the expressionistic method) and not entirely dull and ugly. Its hour's length is effective and advisable, all things considered.

The audience watching "Triple-A Plowed Under" with its farmers' foundation, seemed, in majority, anything but of the farmers. Doubtless they were consumers. At any rate, they knew what they liked, and by doing so they furthered a great need in our theatre, which is to say they clapped and booed, loved and hated. To bring politics, causes and local crises on to the stage as realities is a good thing, to get them close to the audience is even better.

It happens that the same device of a commentator is implied in the version of Mr. Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" shown by the Group Theatre and Milton Shubert. In 1926 the novel was dramatized by Patrick Kearney, and has since received its several interpretations in Russia, France and Germany, varying according to the point of view to be expressed. Mr. Dreiser in a statement for The New York Times, quoted too in the program, seems to think well of this German version, which Piscator, collaborating with Lena Goldschmidt, "also," as the program says, "an important cultural figure in Berlin," wrote when he was director of the Volksbühne. The dramatization calls for a plastic stage, an expressionistic or, at least, much simplified method, and a Speaker who will serve as a sort of chorus or social preacher on what is thought or done by the characters in the play. Most of what is thought is wholly obvious, but Mr. Dreiser's remarks would seem to imply that he thinks it most profound. Fate, says the Speaker, we mean by that the law of economics. Why not, halting "Romeo and Juliet," say Passion is pituitary? Mr. Morris Carnovsky did the Speaker well, Mr. Watson Barratt's décor was good, and Mr. Lee

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Public Speakers[1]

THERE are a great many passages in Paul Engle's second book that read like the author's apologies for having written "American Song." In that first book, if you remember, Engle was celebrating the pioneer virtues and "the unique American dream of the common man." He was also laying himself open to attack by several critics, myself among them, for speaking in the voice of a Fourth of July congressman. In his new book of poems, he says flatly that "Now the American dream roams the land like a living nightmare." The pioneer days are gone forever, he says; it is time to "put back the too long-treasured symbols of our youth." Yes, and "when the Fourth of July orators get up to shout, 'The noble ideals that have made our great nation,' hurl them down and brand that livid word on their foreheads until they cry it out themselves—GOLD." In one place, where he speaks of minting out "your soul in alloy nickels faced with an Indian, backed with a buffalo," he uses such a tone of furious contempt that I was puzzled until I remembered the jacket of "American Song" and how it was decorated with symbols from American coins.

That book is far behind him now. In "Break the Heart's Anger" he tells us that instead of the pioneer dream, the captain-of-industry dream, there is a new dream "loose in the land like a Maine deer driven to the village by deep snow." He ranges over the country to find and grasp it, wandering and singing from the Golden Gate to Broadway; then he embarks for an older continent. In Europe he writes a series of blank-verse poems to countries and capitals—to England ("Hamlet land, doomed by your indecision"), to Germany (where the scaffolding of the new state is "tied with the rotten rope of human blood"), to Vienna (and this is a really moving poem, in which he tells of listening in a death-silence to "the utter anguish of a continent"). In Paris he has a vision—the Virgin Mary with the Christ-child in her arms, leaps into the Seine and is drowned: it is the death of the old religion. In a long poem about Russia he compares Trotsky to Washington and invokes Lenin: "Bring your iron and gentleness . . . and with the wind for tongue cry over the oceans that through the Western world another dream runs on the nimble feet of light and laughter . . . that the old dream was written in the blood of Christ, but the new in the blood of men"—that it is in short (though Engle never says anything in short) the dream of Communism, the Spectre that is haunting the two hemispheres.

I wish I could report that Engle's new vision of society had miraculously transformed his writing. But the truth is that, in his second volume as in his first, he remains the orator rather than the poet—he delivers his orations on May Day now, instead of the Fourth of July, but he delivers them in the same loose style bespangled with generalities that glitter like the little mirrors worn by African savages and formerly valued by them above diamonds. He writes long, invertebrate sentences—there is at least one of them that sprawls through thirty-six blank-verse lines—and he mixes his metaphors in a concrete mixer. I don't at all mean to say that Engle is without talent for poetry. "Break the Heart's Anger," far more than "American Song," is full of bold lines and picturesque figures of speech. Thus, "tumbleweed land" is a good phrase to describe America, and "island shored with wandering waters, by the gulls bounded," is excellent for Manhattan. We see the prairie villages, "little lark towns nesting the tall grass," and the hungry people in Chicago "crouched by cellar windows where the thin heat stuck its head out." Even when Engle is writing badly, as almost always in his European poems, he gives a pleasant feeling of warm-heartedness and impetuosity. But he lacks a critical sense and, like Thomas Wolfe, he never knows when to stop. At least two lines out of every three should be plowed under.

Archibald MacLeish, in his new book "Public Speech," has solved a problem that Engle has scarcely even faced—the problem of writing political verse that will appeal to readers whose tastes have been formed by Baudelaire, Eliot and the other great poets in the Symbolist tradition. Partly his success is a triumph of technique, for he has invented a new verse form, easy and flexible enough to contain all sorts of material from daily life, yet never so loose in these poems that it gives an effect of slovenliness. He has overcome for himself the difficulty of rhyming in English, a language in which good rhymes are notoriously lacking, so that most poets are betrayed into platitudes—"death" follows "breath" just as surely as "the world" follows "flags unfurled." MacLeish rhymes only the final accented syllable, no matter what comes after it. Thus, "doors" is coupled with "morning," "in" with "windows" and "brass" with "passes," the result being a pleasant, barely perceptible effect like the shadow of the ghost of a rhyme. Beyond this, he knows how to use words accurately, so that each one stands out cleanly on the page. But the principal reason for his success goes deeper than rhyme or vocabulary.

Fundamentally he is writing from the same point of view as Paul Engle—that is, he is dealing with the same period of breadlines and dictatorships and cultural decay; he is expecting an era of struggles, and he is looking beyond it, let us say toward a coöperative society. But almost everything that Engle states explicitly is merely implied by MacLeish—or rather, is pushed backward from the poems themselves into the period of preparation for writing the poems. Having accepted certain axioms and postulates about contemporary life, the poet pushes forward in the attempt to suggest new theorems. Thus, in "Pole Star for This Year," he proclaims the need in an age such as ours for "love that hardens into hate—love like hatred and as bright." In "The Lost Speakers," he pities the contemporary poets who fall silent, standing before the uncertain future as before a sea where no birds sing. "For a Time of Change" praises the hawks that soar in the storm at a season when "flies will walk the chimney stones." Everywhere the poet suggests his hatred of fascism, yet it is only in "The German Girls" that he definitely takes sides. It would seem that MacLeish was refining the political subject beyond recognition, that he was merely writing notes on the margins of it. But the refinement here is not a weakening of emotion. By avoiding statistical matter and the sort of ideas that can be expressed in indifferent prose, he is able to make his poems more personal and, at the same

[1] Break the Heart's Anger, by Paul Engle. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 195 pages. $2.

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The Faith of a Scientist

Religion and Science, by Bertrand Russell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 271 pages. $2.

LIKE THE science of geometry, Bertrand Russell is old-fashioned but never out of date. He is at his best in dealing with the technical intricacies of foundational logic and mathematics, but even his analyses of the broader questions of culture possess a lucidity and tonic charm that compensate for his tendency to ignore all questions that cannot be settled by being clearly stated. In his latest book Russell devotes himself to two related themes—the connection between traditional religion and science, and the nature, rights and future of freedom of intellectual inquiry. With a skill that betokens complete mastery of the relevant literature, he traces the conflicts that traditional religions have waged against scientific advances in astronomy, biology, psychology and medicine. He has no difficulty in proving that on every concrete issue which has arisen in the history of thought, science has been right against its religious persecutors, and wherever it has been wrong its own self-corrective procedures have demonstrated the fact and not intuition, authority, revelation or feeling.

Traditional religion has abandoned its struggle against science, but the post-war period, Russell claims, has witnessed the emergence of two state philosophies or political religions that have adopted the same attitude toward freedom of scientific inquiry as the religious dogmas of old. These are the political religions of fascism and communism. Russell argues that they represent the strongest opponents science has ever had to face because they are systematically employing the technical instruments and fruits of scientific research to discredit the scientific temper of mind without which science must ultimately be destroyed. Since Russell believes that "these newer religions are taking the place of Christianity, and repeating the errors of which Christianity has repented," he is concerned to restate the argument for intellectual freedom. He regards it as the duty of all who value scientific knowledge to protest vigorously against the new forms of persecution and not rest content with the disappearance of the older forms.

Russell's argument for unfettered scientific inquiry is simple and, it seems to me, unanswerable except by the *argumentum ad baculum, i.e.,* by those who prefer to shoot rather than to discuss. I paraphrase the steps in the argument. None of us knows all the truth or possesses absolute truth about what we do know. The discovery of new truth is facilitated by free discussion and hampered by suppression. In the long run human welfare is enhanced by the discovery of new truth and hindered by action based on error. Consequently, "since at first it cannot be known whether a new doctrine is true, freedom for new truth involves equal freedom for error."

Underwriting as I do with both hands Russell's position, it seems to me that he weakens the force of his argument by drawing too sharp distinctions in some respects and failing to make the necessary distinctions in other respects. First of all, Russell's own gallant struggle against the suppression of intellectual freedom in England and America indicates that the battle is far from being won even in these relatively enlightened countries. Nor has traditional religion capitulated all along the line. Second, he does not sufficiently stress the differences between the German and Russian practices, admitting that both are bad. In Germany, the "Aryanization" of culture is an organic part of Nazi doctrine. In Russia the ab[illegible] of [illegible] the restriction upon all utterances that challenge Communist Party dogma, are in direct contravention to the philosophy of Marxism. It is no part of the theory of socialism, and its existence in Russia can be explained—not justified—by special conditions. In Germany intellectual terror cannot be abandoned without abandoning the political system; in Russia, it can be shown that the persecution of those who do not accept the party line in various fields of culture is disadvantageous to the operation of the economic system. There is therefore hope that some day the Russian rulers may realize this, especially if Socialists throughout the world are as unremitting in their criticism of the unnecessary evils of Russian life as they are sustained in their enthusiasm for its remarkable achievements. Third, Russell overlooks the fact that freedom to pursue science is purely formal unless adequate means are provided to engage in it, and that our own society in ways too numerous to state here progressively restricts effective opportunities to further science. Fourth, the disjunction Russell draws between science and ethics ignores the possibility of a scientific theory of values. Science, it is true, can never determine ends, but it can make our choices intelligent.

SIDNEY HOOK.

John Bull in Chaps

What Next in Europe? by Sir Arthur Willert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 305 pages. $3.

SIR Arthur Willert was Washington correspondent of The London Times during the World War, and more recently has been head of the press department of the British Foreign Office. He is gratefully remembered for his kindliness by American correspondents who have served in London, and he has had a large share in improving official Anglo-American relations.

About a year ago, he resigned from his Foreign Office post, and as a private citizen went on a long motor tour of Europe. Much more interesting than what he saw and heard, however, are the revelations that this book gives of Sir Arthur's political opinions, which to some extent can be taken as reflecting those of his former Downing Street colleagues, and particularly those of Captain Eden.

The book recites the usual arguments in favor of a peace policy: that Britain lives by international trade, that currency stabilization and the reduction of tariffs are now vitally needed, and that these must be preceded by European political stability. Sir Arthur then makes a remarkable defense of the League. He admits its lack of a permanent and binding character. It should be regarded, he says, as the equivalent of a sheriff's posse in an American frontier town—a group of leading men who can be called together whenever a bad character starts shooting up Main Street. He urges that England become chief vigilante.

This simile of a sheriff's posse—repeated by Sir Arthur throughout the book—is an excellent description of the League. But I am not sure that Sir Arthur and the British Foreign Office realize the full inwardness of the implied comparison of Europe and a frontier town. Europe obviously is not a frontier town. It is a highly complex society that, if it is to continue to exist, demands some sort of unified, permanent government.

Europe had such a government from the end of the Napoleonic wars up until the 1880's in the financial and military hegemony of London. It was socially unjust and

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Europe must again have some form of Continental government, and that this government must be based on coöperation among the working classes of the chief nations.

Sir Arthur's book, however, indicates that the Foreign Office group he represents has no plans other than that for a sheriff's posse. Europe's bad character is Germany, England and France are the two responsible citizens who —if Captain Eden can bring it about—are going to restrain him under the Covenant of the League. The Foreign Office might reflect that in the old American West the way bad characters were customarily restrained was by stringing them to the largest cottonwood tree in the vicinity. This also was what was done to Germany in 1919. It required 20,000,000 war casualties, and the consequences have not been especially gratifying.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Wordsworth's Beginnings

The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth (1787-1805), arranged and edited by Ernest de Selincourt. New York: The Oxford Press. 596 pages. $8.75.

THIS VOLUME suggests the possibility of a revival of the eighteenth-century novel that was written as a letter-sequence. One is again made aware that there is an immediacy in the letter that has not been bettered by recent experimental writing: in placing people, in revealing character, this indeliberate letter-sequence about the Wordsworth family achieves a great deal. The letters have not much of that continuing interest that is proper to an epistolary novel, but they have some of it, and there is a climax in the sinking of the ship, "Earl of Abergavenny," and the drowning of its captain, John Wordsworth, the loved and esteemed brother. It was a poignant event for Dorothy and William, and it may have started the gradual derangement of Dorothy's fine mind.

The collection starts off with her delightful letters to a school-girl friend, the opening perfectly in the style of the epistolary novel. And in this and following letters the situation of the characters is affectingly unfolded: the Wordsworth family has had to take refuge with unsympathetic relatives. "Many a time have William, John, Christopher and myself shed tears together, tears of the bitterest sorrow, we all of us, each day, feel more sensibly the loss we sustained when we were deprived of our parents, and each day do we receive fresh insults." With such passages a story gets well on the way, and then there is the unforgettable figure of the youthful, self-pitying Dorothy as she sits writing to her dear Jane: "Imagine me sitting in my bed-gown, my hair out of curl and hanging about my face, with a small candle beside me, and my whole person the picture of poverty (as it always is in a bed-gown) and you will see your friend Dorothy."

These letters unfold the really charming character of Dorothy and reveal the progress in poetry of that very conscious, very well regarded man of genius, William Wordsworth. Something that seems to be going out of the present-day world is the very stuff of this correspondence —an ardent family affection, a happiness in association with certain individuals, notably Coleridge, leisure, the reception of country sights and sounds by cultivated and creative minds. William has not quite decided to devote his life to poetry. He is wary of anything that will put him into a whole-time profession.

But this rather priggish young man is bringing out the

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containing principles that poetry is to be based on for the next hundred years:

> Please whom? or what? I answer, human nature, as it has been and ever will be. But where are we to find the best measure of this? I answer, from within; by stripping our own hearts naked, and by looking out of ourselves towards men who live the simplest lives, and those most according to nature. . . . But a great poet ought to do more than this: he ought, to a certain degree, to rectify men's feelings, to give them new compositions of feelings, to render their feelings more sane, pure and permanent, in short, more consonant to nature, to eternal nature, and the great moving spirit of things.

As one reads these words one wonders who nowadays could make a statement to go beside this—a statement that would be a basis for the poetry of the twentieth century as this, largely, was a basis for the poetry of the nineteenth century.

PADRAIC COLUM.

No Mirror of India

The Face of Mother India, by Katherine Mayo. New York: Harper and Brothers. 234 pages, illustrated. $3.50.

IT MIGHT be better to ignore altogether Katherine Mayo's picture-book sequel to "Mother India," were it not that many who read her first "interpretation" of India swallowed it, bait, line and sinker. The book, widely advertised, was widely read, and with gusto, by several classes of people: those who craved sensation in their literature of escape; those who subscribed to the Madison Grant doctrine of Nordic superiority; a certain element among the missionary group who felt that its approach to India could gain more sympathy for their cause and therefore more funds for their work among "those benighted heathen"; and lastly, and without gusto, by Indians and Westerners so much better acquainted than Miss Mayo with Hindu culture and Indian life, that they repudiated with indignation her biased and emotionally unsound volume.

Even today I meet people whose only concept of India has been obtained through the bile-colored Mayo lenses. Having accepted the glib and unscientific statements about India in her book, they were too indifferent or too lazy to read more balanced and sober books on India which might have required a certain amount of concentration. To them Miss Mayo's India is still—India.

And now we have Miss Mayo's Indian picture album—393 photographs depicting India from the Northeast frontier clear into Bengal, chiefly inhabited by Hindus, who are so distasteful to Miss Mayo that she libels them generously and indiscriminately with adjectives just as the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland" overpeppered the soup. One may easily dissect and point out the inaccuracies in "the 50,000 words of text" that provide the introduction and captions for these photographs. But what's the use? Without much difficulty I could assemble 400 photographs of Chicago or New York or the U.S.A. as a whole, and by clever manipulation and selective phrasing of captions offer a grim black picture of the United States or of its two leading cities which would hardly be the truth, scientifically or actually, although it might contain certain elements of truth. Those who want to believe that Hindus and the Hindu religion are as evil as Miss Mayo would have you believe—that English officials and Tommies, native princes and Moslems, are as upright and noble—will

Chiefly in Praise of Four New Novels

The House in Paris, by Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ELIZABETH BOWEN is such a beautiful writer that it is almost frightening to read her. By that I don't mean any esthetic tripe about the way her sentences tilt their eyebrows at you; I mean that "The House in Paris" is such a beautiful piece of work that while you are reading it, it is as if a picture you were watching came to life—and that would be frightening, I imagine. But while you are actually reading (luckily for your peace of mind) you never have that eerie sensation of being a spectator watching something moving under glass, where you know that nothing really ought to move. It is only afterwards, when the book is closed and the picture has shrunk back into its frame, that you realize what a magical performance you have been witnessing, and wonder whether the magic was good.

Elizabeth Bowen's magic, in short, does not arouse a feeling of gratitude on the part of the reader. The experiences she puts you through are too sharp for that. In her new book she tells the story of a small boy who has never seen his mother, and is about to meet her. He is a rather Byronic little boy, but the telegram that announces she will not come after all is nearly too much for him. At this point the story cuts back to his mother, years before: it shows her as a safe, rich, intelligent young lady with an eminently satisfactory married life in view—which goes all to pot when a disagreeably tense French Jew comes into the picture and falls unwillingly in love with her and she with him. The affair ends in his suicide and her flight abroad to have his baby. Then the story catches up again to the disappointed little boy, and the reader knows exactly why he is waiting in just that queer house in Paris, and why it is his mother cannot face it again. People who prefer entertainment to experience will not enjoy reading this novel; if they do read it by mistake, they will say the author is cruel. Actually Elizabeth Bowen is not cruel, not even coldly dispassionate, and "The House in Paris" is the tenderest book she has written.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

A Time for Love, by Ramona Herdman. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

THIS NOVEL is the story of a man, Paul Langdon, who never found time for what he really wanted until it was beyond his reach. He believed himself incapable of hurting anyone. That was why he couldn't tell Janet, his wife, that he loved Mary Calder, his assistant on The Cosmos Magazine and for ten years his mistress, and that he wanted a divorce. He always meant to, but found it so impossible to hurt anyone but Mary whom he loved and who loved him enough to endure hurts, that the right moment never came. And after ten years even Mary, loyal and enduring, could bear his soft cruelty no longer. "I've come to stay," he told her triumphantly when finally she had reached her anguished decision to leave him. "You'll be on your way back within an hour," she replied wearily, and the event proved her right; for Paul let her go and returned to Janet, still planning futile rebellions. In no way mitigating the remorseless logic of her story, Ramona Herdman has told it simply and compassionately, in a dis- a keen ear for picking up

Freedom, Farewell! by Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT IS during the dictatorship of Sulla, and young Caesar is escaping across the Apennines because his name is on the list of the proscribed. It is raining and he reflects, with wit and some annoyance, on his situation and on tyranny in general. It occurs to him that he must save himself for his country's service. Later in the book we see him as a man not very old in years but with Cleopatra beside him to make him feel his age. Tyranny with himself as tyrant must be, he feels, for the best. Still, he is not enjoying life much these days and he is not as bland as he used to be. His great-nephew Octavius has a cold as usual and Caesar is vaguely annoyed with him. He would be more annoyed if he could foresee Octavius dressed up a few years later as the divine Augustus (this is the moral and epilogue) and handing down decrees to a vapid, smiling Senate.

In between there are all the years of doubt and battle, and Miss Bentley has met the story of the death of the Republic (any republic) head on. There is much death (the death of leaders), and rioting, and confusion (among those who hold power), and now and then an army is wiped out or there is a shortage of corn. But of that little is told except as political intrigue. This is history from on top, but so enriched with personal factors that the death of Brutus or Cato (though the author has not reserved her satire for scoundrels and mugwumps) is the death of all those values that were protected, or so we are meant to believe, within the framework of the Republic. These values, to be sure, remain a little abstract, but the characters do not. They are whole people, with political convictions edged round with loves and dislikes and minor occupations, and are seen in swift, sharp scenes placed all over the ancient map.

The book is grand in scope and there is an unwavering quality in the writing that makes it convincing as the record of our times as well as of ancient Rome. But for all that, it leaves one more sad than angry, and less with a sense of tragedy than of useless knowledge. The author never quite tells what her heroes were fighting for, nor defines the forces that tossed them against each other like corks in a hurricane.

ELEANOR CLARK.

Homage to Blenholt, by Daniel Fuchs. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

WITH THIS second novel Mr. Fuchs performs a rare feat in switching from the naturalistic approach of his first book ("Summer in Williamsburg") to a racy, caricaturing manner, appealing strongly to the sense of humor. What is still more unusual, he does not direct his satire against Babbitts or intellectuals—the customary targets for satire in America—but sticks to the locale he knows best, that drab Jewish section in Brooklyn known as Williamsburg. In one typographical breath the blurb writer compares him to Lardner, Swift, Chaplin and the Marx brothers. He might as well have added the rest of the well known satirists, for Mr. Fuchs is like all of them only in the sense that he too is amusing. His manner is fundamentally his own. Its main features may be traced to

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hand) for the social system that smothers them, and an almost morbid sensitiveness to the folly of human beings influenced by a tabloid-movies atmosphere.

His best character is his mock hero, Max Balkan, a lonely and absurd young man who has a score of unsuccessful schemes for making a million overnight. He is the incarnation of the youth who doesn't know Horatio Alger is dead. His hero-worship is directed toward Blenholt, the ex-commissioner of sewage, who made good by living like a Capone; but all the boy gets for his efforts is a bag of onions. The people about him are no less pathetic, no less mistaken in their ambitions. There is his friend Munves, who finally has to give up his dream of becoming a famous etymologist and substitute the dream of owning a delicatessen store; his sweetheart Ruth, whose chief stimulation is a Joan Crawford movie; and his father, once a great Yiddish actor and now a sandwich man for a beauty shop. Fuchs misses nothing of the tenement house where most of the characters live. Here are all of its noises, smells and hysterical tenants, including three brats whose savage exploits make you wonder what the growing generation will grow into. With a wider variety of characters and a more controlled bitterness for their lot, Mr. Fuchs might develop into an outstanding satirist. JERRE MANGIONE.

Books in Brief

Collected Essays, by F. H. Bradley. New York: The Oxford University Press. 2 vols., 716 pages. $12.

THESE volumes, published in the style for which the Oxford Press at Clarendon is famous, are beautiful books to handle and possess. Most of the essays in them are previously published articles discussing rather tentatively, and not altogether clearly, questions in speculative psychology as it was understood in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Though Bradley is justly coming to be known as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the English philosophers, only a philosophic historian would find it profitable to plough through these not quite coherent discussions of recondite problems. Despite the fact that the volumes do contain a wealth of interesting suggestions and occasional flashes of inimitable insight, they bring together rather dull and profitless samples of the writings of one who elsewhere revealed himself as a master of philosophic prose and logical analysis. They are a work which should have been published, but which no one but the student of Bradley should be urged to read. P. W.

Abram S. Hewitt, with Some Account of Peter Cooper, by Allan Nevins. New York: Harper and Brothers. 635 pages. $4.

Well worth meeting again in Mr. Nevins' pages is Peter Cooper, early American sage, inventor, philanthropist, reformer. His son-in-law and business partner, Abram Hewitt, though less the homespun philosopher, enjoyed a career almost as long-lived and honorable. The papers of this enlightened steelmaster and liberal Democratic politician of New York furnish us with interesting details of nineteenth-century history, the high light being of course Hewitt's part as chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the notorious Hayes-Tilden contest of 1876. Hewitt's "secret journal," long citations of which are now made public, serves to corroborate, while adding little that is not known

presidency. A devotee of free trade, charitable toward labor, it is significant how fiercely this liberal fights "heretics": first, Henry George, over whom he was elected mayor of New York in 1886 (when the politicians had recourse to an honest business man in order to beat an idol of the discontented masses); second, Bryan, deserted in 1896 in favor of the gold standard. On the whole, this is a rambling biography, illuminated with many good period and family photographs, especially one superb shot of Peter Cooper's formidable white beard. M. J.

Toscanini, by Paul Stefan, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. 126 pages. $2.25.

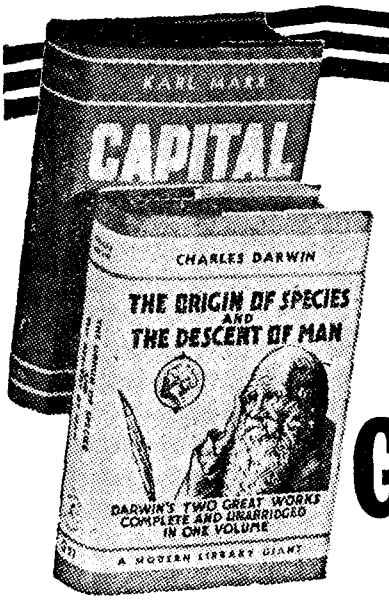
Recognition of the creative power that belongs to the great musical conductor is a recent affair, and the personal or biographical study of the conductor may be called a new form. It is necessarily a difficult one. It is possible to say, as Puccini said after the first performance of the "Fanciulla," "Toscanini has composed this opera a second time." Or "Toscanini is a man who digs himself into a work like a miner digging into a hillside as he follows a vein of gold. If he finds no gold, nevertheless he brings something out." Yet statements such as these do not define a musical style. In Paul Stefan's study there is far too much cloudy adoration, with a few broken sequences of biography and interpretation bobbing up more or less casually. The fifty-five reproductions at the end showing Toscanini conducting have almost the effect of a motion picture, and define both style and character more closely than anything in the text. C. R.

Letters of Theodore Dwight Weld, Angelina Grimké Weld and Sarah M. Grimké, edited by Gilbert H. Barnes and Dwight L. Dumond. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 2 vols., 1,023 pages. $7.50.

This collection of letters, only recently discovered in the attic of a New England farmhouse and made public in these volumes for the first time, is almost indispensable for anyone wishing to understand the less known phases of the American anti-slavery movement. The hitherto obscure figure of Theodore Weld emerges from them as that of a leader in the struggle, as important and eloquent in his way as Garrison or Phillips. That part of the movement which he represented had its roots in the revivalism of Charles G. Finney and in the Benevolent Associations in which Arthur and Lewis Tappan were leaders. The great role played in this movement by the Lane Seminary Rebels (of whom Weld was one), their indefatigable labor as anti-slavery agents, their relation to each other and the prejudice and organized violence they encountered almost everywhere in the early days, are revealed in an abundant exchange of letters between Weld and other members of this group—for the scope of this correspondence is much wider than its title implies. It has a further value as an addition to the personal history of three great individuals and of the intense and generous fellowship that united them. M. G.

A History of Music, by Theodore M. Finney. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 648 pages. $3.75.

Mr. Finney is equipped as a social as well as a musical historian. "When the social function of music changes," he writes, "a change may also be expected in the music." At the beginning of the fifteenth century music was a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rather than a source of esthetic emotion as we understand it. At the end of the century it had made astounding strides as an art and as a means of expression. It was the fifteenth century that produced Josquin des Pres, whom the author considers the first modern composer. Mr. Finney traces the development of the main stream of music from its two sources, religious and secular, through Plain Song and Guild folk music, the growth of musical notation, the rise of instrumental music, oratorio and opera. He describes the slow evolution of polyphony through the Middle Ages and the appearance of monophony resulting from "the impact of the Renaissance method on music," the rise of the various national schools, the classicism of the eighteenth century, the romantic and nationalistic tendencies of the nineteenth, and the various modern tendencies of our own era. He also deals briefly, but admirably, with the lives and influence of the individual composers. M. G.

America Strikes Back, by Gustavus Myers. New York: Ives Washburn. 418 pages. $3.75.

Mr. Myers sets out to prove that if Americans are materialistic sinners, so are the Europeans who sneer at us. Only they hide it and we don't. We have Senate investigations and other public linen-washings, and we keep it up in spite of the fact that the laundering doesn't seem to get anything clean. It is Mr. Myers' contention that this is somehow virtuous and renders us superior to the Europeans, who started all the graft and everything anyway. For some reason—though there are important scientific monographs waiting to be published and other scientific chores as yet undone—the misnamed Chemical Foundation of New York has chosen to purchase and circulate 20,000 copies of this book as a gesture of Americanism. J. I. S.

Contributors

EDMUND WILSON is the author of a novel, "I Thought of Daisy"; "Axel's Castle," a volume of literary criticism; "Discordant Encounters," dialogues and plays; "The American Jitters," a book of reporting; and a volume of verse, "Poets, Farewell." The articles in his present series in The New Republic are taken from his forthcoming book, "Travels in Two Democracies," to be published in May by Harcourt, Brace.

WILLARD PRICE has for the past three years been traveling in Japan, Korea and Manchukuo. A book, "The South Sea Adventure," will be published in September by John Day.

WILLIAM SAROYAN has written two volumes of short stories, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" and "Inhale & Exhale."

VINCENT MCHUGH is the author of a novel, "Sing Before Breakfast."

SIDNEY HOOK, assistant professor of Philosophy at New York University and lecturer at the New School for Social Research, is the author of "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx."

PADRAIC COLUM is a member of the Irish Academy of Letters; his "Collected Poems" is published by Macmillan, and his latest volume is "The Legend of St. Columba."

ELSIE WEIL is associate editor of Asia Magazine.

T. S. MATTHEWS' second novel, "The Moon's No Fool," was recently published in Mallorca by the Seizin Press.

MARTHA GRUENING is an editor of Race, a quarterly devoted to social, economic and political equality.

JERRE MANGIONE has started work on a book that will deal with masters of satire.

ELEANOR CLARK, a graduate of Vassar College, is doing free-lance journalistic work in New York City.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Paul Weiss, Matthew Josephson, Constance Rourke, Martha Gruening and J. I. Smedley.

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